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Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
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Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
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Pastor of the Lower Dublin Baptist Church, Pa.

Mr. Clark, *New York, Dec.* 15, 1827.

Sir,—It has afforded us great pleasure to learn that you intend soon to publish a duodecimo edition of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, as arranged by Dr. Rippon, together with Dr. Rippon's Selection. Such a Hymn Book, if well executed, and reasonable as to price, cannot fail to receive a very extensive circulation, as it is believed that the churches of Christ in America have long felt the inadequacy of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns to all the purposes of divine worship.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
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Pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, New York.
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Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Wilmington.
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Pastor of Vincent Baptist Church.

THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS

OF

DR. WATTS,

ARRANGED BY

DR. RIPPON:

WITH

DR. RIPPON'S SELECTION.

IN ONE VOLUME.

CORRECTED AND IMPROVED,

BY REV. C. G. SOMMERS, PASTOR OF SOUTH BAPTIST CHURCH, N. Y.; AND REV. JOHN L. DAGG, PRESIDENT OF THE ALABAMA FEMALE ATHENEUM.

PHILADELPHIA:
DAVID CLARK,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.
Stereotyped by L. Johnson.
1838.

THE subscribers having examined the present edition of Watts and Rippon, would cheerfully commend it to the churches, believing that an edition of the volume of the present small or pocket size was much needed, and having full confidence that in the hands of the editor the work will be found to have been well and faithfully executed.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.
JONATHAN GOING.
SPENCER H. CONE.
A. MACLAY.

New York, Oct. 15th, 1834.

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PREFACE.

For offering this pocket edition of Watts and Rippon to the public, and particularly to the Baptist denomination, the publisher is confident that no apology will be required. In May, 1827, the first improved edition of Watts and Rippon was published; since which, there have been about thirty thousand copies published. About five years ago the denomination called for a large or pulpit size, which the publisher gave as soon as circumstances would admit; and within the last two years a loud call has been made for a pocket edition; and the publisher, always anxious to accommodate the denomination and the public, has had a handsome edition prepared, which is here presented to the denomination for their approbation. This edition corresponds precisely with the large and middle sizes.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25, 1836.

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TO

MINISTERS AND CLERKS, WHO USE THIS VOLUME IN PUBLIC.

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1. Mention THE NUMBER of the Psalms or Hymns; and where Dr. Watts is used, mention the number in that also.

2. The Hymns and Psalms may be found, as usual, by the Index of first Lines.

3. Those verses which are included in brackets, thus, [ ], may be omitted without disturbing the sense.

4. Hymns in *the selection* have their appropriate numbers placed immediately over each.

5. The letters

L. P. M. stand for Long Particular Metre.
S. P M., or 6. 6. 8, for Short Particular Metre.
H. M., or 6's and 8's, for Hallelujah Metre.
L. M. 6 lines, for Long Metre 6 lines.
L. C. M. for Long Common Metre.

s, stands for slow or solemn.
l, " loud or bold.
f, " fast or joyful.
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5		C. M.	435
6		C. M.	626
		L. M.	625
7		C. M.	361
8		S. M.	20
		C. M.	250
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	2 P.	L. M.	95
9	1 P.	C. M.	679
	2 P.	C. M.	74
10		C. M.	598
11		L. M.	404
12		L. M.	600
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13		L. M.	376
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	2 P.	C. M.	492
15		C. M.	474
		L. M.	475
16	1 P.	L. M.	109
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	3 P.	L. M.	673
	1 P.	C. M.	363
	2 P.	C. M.	237
17		S. M.	405
		L. M.	406
18	1 P.	L. M.	385
	2 P.	L. M.	337
	3 P.	L. M.	298
	1 P.	C. M.	609
	2 P.	C. M.	610
19	1 P.	S. M.	436
	2 P.	S. M.	437
		L. M.	98
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20		L. M.	602
21		C. M.	618
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22	1 P.	C. M.	233
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23		L. M.	166
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25	1 P.	S. M.	346
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	3 P.	S. M.	372
26		L. M.	411
27	1 P.	C. M.	429
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29		L. M.	586
30	1 P.	L. M.	630
	2 P.	L. M.	629
31	1 P.	C. M.	631
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33	1 P.	C. M.	61
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34	1 P.	L. M.	508
	2 P.	L. M.	589
	1 P.	C. M.	509
	2 P.	C. M.	590
35	1 P.	C. M.	491
	2 P.	C. M.	317
36		L. M.	75
		C. M.	44
		S. M.	45
37	1 P.	C. M.	402
	2 P.	C. M.	305
	3 P.	C. M.	401
38		C. M.	379
39	1 P.	C. M.	321
	2 P.	C. M.	641
	3 P.	C. M.	622
40	1 P.	C. M.	386
	2 P.	C. M.	140
		L. M.	141
41		L. M.	306
42	1 P.	C. M.	291
	2 P.	L. M.	292

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45		S. M.	481
		C. M.	515
	1 P.	L. M.	516
	2 P.	L. M.	480
46	1 P.	L. M.	499
	2 P.	L. M.	500
47		C. M.	243
48	1 P.	S. M.	484
	2 P.	S. M.	485
49	1 P.	C. M.	669
	2 P.	C. M.	670
		L. M.	668
50	1 P.	C. M.	681
	2 P.	C. M.	108
	3 P.	C. M.	682
	3 P.	L. M.	334
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51	1 P.	L. M.	345
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	3 P.	L. M.	383
	1 P.	C. M.	85
	2 P.	C. M.	323
53		C. M.	493
55		C. M.	369
		S. M.	410
56		C. M.	365
57		L. M.	79
58		L. P. M.	619
60		C. M.	601
61		S. M.	387
62		L. M.	338
63	1 P.	C. M.	438
	2 P.	C. M.	581
		L. M.	439
		S. M.	440
65	1 P	L. M.	432
	2 P.	L. M.	68
	1 P.	C. M.	431
	2 P.	C. M.	583
	3 P.	C. M	582
66	1 P.	C. M.	13
	2 P.	C. M.	510
67		C. M.	606
68	1 P.	L. M.	28
	2 P.	L. M.	244
	3 P.	L. M.	78
69	1 P.	C. M.	231
	2 P.	C. M.	232
	3 P.	C. M.	193
	1 P.	L. M.	230
	2 P.	L. M.	229
71	1 P.	C. M.	596
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	3 P	C. M.	597

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72	1 P.	L. M.	513
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73	1 P.	C. M.	73
	2 P.	C. M.	169
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		S. M.	72
74		C. M.	489
75		L. M.	617
76		C. M.	614
77	1 P.	C. M.	293
	2 P.	C. M.	470
78	1 P.	C. M.	81
	2 P.	C. M.	461
	3 P.	C. M.	462
	4 P.	L. M.	464
80		L. M.	287
81		S. M.	460
82		L. M.	620
83		S. M.	490
84	1 P.	L. M.	424
	2 P.	L. M.	425
		C. M.	426
		H. M. or 6's & 8's.	427
85	1 P.	L. M.	382
	2 P.	L. M.	191
86		C. M.	50
87		L. M.	482
89	1 P.	L. M.	132
	1 P.	C. M	34
	2 P.	C. M.	421
	3 P.	C. M.	113
	4 P.	C. M.	256
	5 P.	C. M.	133
	6 P.	L. M.	671
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90		L. M.	648
	1 P.	C. M.	644
	2 P.	C. M.	595
	3 P.	C. M.	394
		S. M.	645
91	1 P.	L. M.	627
	1 P.	C. M.	628
92	1 P.	L. M.	442
	2 P.	L. M.	483
93		L. M.	7
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94	1 P.	C. M.	403
	2 P.	C. M.	362
95		C. M.	448
		S. M.	449
		L. M.	450
96		C. M.	222
		L. P. M.	1
97	1 P.	L. M.	677
	2 P.	L. M.	217

			Number
97	3 P.	L. M.	185
		C. M.	223
98	1 P.	C. M.	124
	2 P.	C. M.	221
99	1 P.	S. M.	257
	2 P.	S. M.	447
100	1 P.	L. M.	59
	2 P.	L. M.	60
101		L. M.	616
		C. M.	412
102	1 P.	C. M.	621
	2 P.	C. M.	512
	3 P.	L. M.	649
103	1 P.	L. M.	25
	2 P.	L. M.	31
	1 P.	S. M.	26
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	3 P.	S. M.	48
104		L. M.	80
105		C. M.	459
106	1 P.	L. M.	511
	2 P.	S. M.	465
107	1 P.	L. M.	473
	2 P.	L. M.	380
	3 P.	L. M.	463
	4 P.	L. M.	69
	5 P.	C. M.	70
	Last P.	L. M.	607
109		C. M.	318
110	1 P.	L. M.	517
	2 P.	L. M.	518
		C. M.	519
111	1 P.	C. M.	58
	2 P.	C. M.	37
112		L. P. M.	307
		L. M.	308
		C. M.	309
113		L. P. M.	17
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114		L. M.	471
115		L. M.	46
		10's.	613
116	1 P.	C. M.	632
	2 P.	C. M.	433
117		C. M.	522
		L. M.	523
		S. M.	524
118	1 P.	C. M.	367
	2 P.	C. M.	634
	3 P.	C. M.	479
	4 P.	C. M.	444
		S. M.	445
		L. M.	446
119	1 P.	C. M.	399
	2 P.	C. M.	409
	3 P.	C. M.	385
119	4 P.	C. M.	102
	5 P.	C. M.	103
	6 P.	C. M.	104
	7 P.	C. M.	101
	8 P.	C. M.	105
	9 P.	C. M.	304
	10 P.	C. M.	208
	11 P.	C. M.	178
	12 P.	C. M.	378
	13 P.	C. M.	290
	14 P.	C. M.	623
	15 P.	C. M.	351
	16 P.	C. M.	377
	17 P.	L. M.	360
	Last P.	L. M.	624
120		C. M.	364
121		L. M.	63
		C. M.	64
		H. M. or 6's & 8's.	65
122		C. M.	418
		S. P. M. or 6. 6. 8.	419
123		C. M.	329
124		L. M.	611
125		C. M.	182
		S. M.	183
126		L. M.	507
		C. M.	506
127		L. M.	413
		C. M.	414
128		C. M.	415
129		C. M.	466
130		C. M.	157
		L. M.	158
131		C. M.	297
132		L. M.	478
		C. M.	477
133		C. M.	313
		S. M.	416
		S. P. M. or 6. 6. 8.	417
134		C. M.	420
135	1 P.	L. M.	494
	2 P.	L. M.	467
		C. M.	47
136		C. M.	468
		H. M. or 6's & 8's	469
		L. M.	77
138		L. M.	184
139	1 P.	L. M.	10
	2 P.	L. M.	56
	3 P.	L. M.	336
	1 P.	C. M.	11
	2 P.	C. M.	57
	3 P.	C. M.	580
141		L. M.	575
142		C. M.	33
143		L. M.	368

			Number
144	1 P.	C. M.	359
	2 P.	C. M.	640
	3 P.	L. M.	605
145		L. M.	2
	1 P.	C. M.	3
	2 P.	C. M.	24
	3 P.	C. M.	32
146		L. M.	35
		L. P. M.	36
147	1 P.	L. M.	76
	2 P.	L. M.	584
147		C. M.	585
148		H. M. or 6's & 8's.	52
		L. M.	53
		S. M.	54
149		C. M.	407
150		C M.	452
		Doxologies.	
1		C. M.	702
2		L. P. M.	707
3		H. M. or 6's & 8's.	711

A TABLE OF THE HYMNS.

This Table gives the numerical Order of the former Editions, and the corresponding numbers in this Arrangement.

Thus in the First Book, 1 . . . . 273 ; that is,
1 Hymn is number 273 of the Arrangement;
2 . . . . 212, second ditto, is 212 of ditto.

BOOK I.

	Number		Number		Number
1 .	273	31 2 P. *	354	58 .	504
2 .	212	32 .	202	59 .	505
3 .	215	33 .	119	60 .	218
4 1 P. *	216	34 1 P. *	120	61 .	146
4 2 P. *	115	34 2 P. *	295	62 .	271
5 .	331	35 1 P. *	284	63 .	272
6 .	652	35 2 P. *	332	64 .	164
7 .	195	36 *	320	65 .	676
8 .	496	37 1 P. *	247	66 .	558
9 .	200	37 2 P. *	340	67 .	559
10 .	123	38 1 P. *	144	68 .	560
11 .	128	38 2 P. *	107	69 .	561
12 .	129	39 .	495	70 .	562
13 .	264	40 .	688	71 .	563
14 .	289	41 .	689	72 .	564
15 .	201	42 .	29	73 .	565
16 .	715	43 1 P. *	234	74 .	566
17 .	651	43 2 P. *	390	75 .	567
18 .	653	44 1 P. *	248	76 .	568
19 .	655	44 2 P. *	636	77 .	569
20 .	156	45 .	680	78 .	570
21 .	521	46 1 P. *	194	79 .	571
22 1 P. *	214	46 2 P. *	637	80 .	577
22 2 P. *	177	47 *	663	81 .	574
23 1 P. *	660	48 .	357	82 .	647
23 2 P. *	591	49 .	275	83 .	67
24 .	667	50 .	520	84 .	203
25 .	274	51 .	186	85 .	204
26 .	259	52 .	525	86 .	23
27 .	658	53 .	96	87 .	205
28 .	501	54 .	125	88 .	635
29 .	502	55 .	633	89 .	593
30 .	503	56 .	503	90 .	594
31 1 P. *	189	57 .	82	91 .	592

* The asterisk points out the Supplementary Hymns in this edition, with which the vacancies in Dr. Watts's FIRST Book have been filled up.

	Number		Number		Number
92	197	112	281	132	174
93	198	113	527	133	316
94	152	114	528	134	319
95	147	115	110	135	453
96	127	116	106	136	833
97	179	117	126	137	190
98	180	118	117	138	207
99	148	119	118	139	135
100	283	120	280	140	280
101	328	121	529	141	245
102	389	122	526	142	246
103	339	123	322	143	165
104	176	124	83	144	343
105	686	125	206	145	260
106	352	126	315	146	266
107	199	127	196	147	267
108	312	128	114	148	268
109	155	129	330	149	269
110	659	130	314	150	270
111	188	131	296		

BOOK II.

	Number		Number		Number
1	604	29	137	57	299
2	661	30	302	58	639
3	662	31	657	59	301
4	192	32	642	60	210
5	278	33	690	61	665
6	572	34	341	62	587
7	578	35	139	63	666
8	576	36	258	64	497
9	327	37	259	65	395
10	349	38	310	66	656
11	350	39	638	67	6
12	261	40	134	68	691
13	646	41	348	69	209
14	441	42	311	70	21
15	172	43	249	71	51
16	173	44	685	72	443
17	5	45	423	73	300
18	498	46	27	74	324
19	66	47	213	75	693
20	375	48	347	76	238
21	276	49	654	77	358
22	16	50	388	78	136
23	344	51	211	79	277
24	89	52	650	80	12
25	370	53	391	81	353
26	4	54	393	82	138
27	49	55	643	83	251
28	664	56	456	84	252

	Number		Number		Number
85	163	114	235	143	175
86	687	115	22	144	279
87	43	116	355	145	434
88	187	117	396	146	455
89	716	118	142	147	55
90	181	119	98	148	145
91	692	120	112	149	615
92	612	121	111	150	90
93	171	122	408	151	97
94	170	123	428	152	486
95	384	124	472	153	91
96	130	125	285	154	158
97	131	126	122	155	143
98	371	127	531	156	92
99	19	128	86	157	93
100	392	129	287	158	94
101	454	130	149	159	150
102	675	131	116	160	88
103	224	132	265	161	151
104	225	133	342	162	288
105	325	134	530	163	373
106	326	135	219	164	458
107	678	136	220	165	451
108	422	137	240	166	38
109	71	138	121	167	39
110	674	139	226	168	40
111	608	140	356	169	41
112	227	141	532	170	42
113	228	142	282		

BOOK III.

	Number		Number		Number
1	533	18	550	32	696
2	534	19	551	33	697
3	535	20	552	34	700
4	536	21	553	35	701
5	537	22	554	36	705
6	538	23	555	37	706
7	539	24	556	38	708
8	540	25	557	39	709
9	541			40	710
10	542	*Doxologies.*		41	712
11	543				
12	544	26	694	*Hosannas.*	
13	545	27	698		
14	546	28	703	42	713
15	547	29	[illegible]	43	714
16	548	30	699	44	717
17	549	31	704	45	718

DR. WATTS'

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1. PSALM 96. L. P. M. 46th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word,
But here Jehovah's name is known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
p When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

2. PSALM 145. L. M. Trum.

The Greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim:
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

s 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
f Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
l Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

3. PSALM 145. 1st Part. C. M. Dundee

The Greatness of God.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
s And let his praise be great:
l I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
f And while my lips rejoice,
The men that bear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

4. HYMN 26. B. 2. L. M. Dunstan.

God Invisible.

LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone.
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of Glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

5. HYMN 17. B. 2. C. M. Christmas.

God's Eternity.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah till'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

6. HYMN 67. B. 2. C. M. Arlington.

God's eternal Dominion.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
s And vex'd with trifling cares:
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

7. PSALM 93. L. M. Newcourt.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

8. PSALM 93. 10's and 11's. Landaff.

THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high:
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and stablish'd by his hand:
s Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar and toss their waves against the skies:
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand!
p See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

9. PSALM 93. S. P. M. or 6.6.8. Dalston.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
l Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky,
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
f There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

10. PSALM 139. 1st Part. L. M. Blendon.

The All-seeing God.

p LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:

Awake, asleep at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
f 'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns
And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
f Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

11. PSALM 139. 1st Part. C. M. London

God is everywhere.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?

Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
f I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

12. HYMN 80. B. 2. S. M. St. Thomas.

God's awful Power and Goodness.

O THE almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne:
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
f We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,

And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
f That sits enthron'd above;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

13. PSALM 66. 1st Part. C. M. Braintree

Governing Power and Goodness; or, our Graces tried by Affliction.

SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
l Sing with a cheerful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
s 'How terrible art thou!
'Sinners before thy presence fly,
'Or at thy feet they bow.'

5 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel-mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
p To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

14. PSALM 33. 2d Part. C. M. Cambridge

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne:
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold:
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies, from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse,
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
f And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

15. PSALM 33. 2d Part. L. P. M. St. Helena.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 O HAPPY nation where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
f Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

16. HYMN 22. B. 2. L. M. Old Hundred.

With God is terrible Majesty.

TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel-angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
'With endless burnings who can dwell,
'Or bear the fury of a God!'

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him, too,
f With reverence bow before his name,
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

17. PSALM 113. L. M. Eaton.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds,
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name:
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

18. PSALM 113. L. M. Rothwell.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love: he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
f And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

19. HYMN 99. B. 2. C. M. St. Anns.

The Book of God's Decrees.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his sovereign voice hath form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays:
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volume of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
f O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

20. PSALM 8. S. M. Watchman.

God's Sovereignty and Goodness; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
p Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouth of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
l Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

21. HYMN 70. B. 2. L. M. Monmouth

God's Dominion over the Sea, Ps. cvii. 23, &c.

GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice
l Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 [The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempests rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6 How is thy glorious power ador'd,
Amidst those wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

9 O for some signal of thine hand,
l Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

22. HYMN 115. B. 2. C. M. Arlington.

God the Avenger of his Saints; or, his Kingdom Supreme.

HIGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
p But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;

He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

23. HYMN 86. B. 1. C. M. **Arundel.**
God holy, just, and sovereign, Job ix. 2--10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
l What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea,
f Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

24. PSALM 145. ver. 7, &c. 2d Part. C. M. **Batty.**
The Goodness of God.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
p How slow thine anger moves!

But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

25. PSALM 103. ver. 1—7. 1st Part. L. M. Stoel.
Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom; and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.

6 He sees the oppressor and the opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

26. PSALM 103. ver. 1—7. 1st Part. S. M. Dover.
Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie

Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
8 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

27. HYMN 46. B. 2. L. M. Castle Street.

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word or with his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

3 [God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs,
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
e He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

f 7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
l To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

28. PSALM 68. v. 1-6. L. M. Truro.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
s Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

29. HYMN 42. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.

Divine Wrath and Mercy, Nahum i, 2, &c.

ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

s 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forced into a flame,
But kindled, O how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

f 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

* Heb. xii. 29.

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

30. PSALM 103. 2d Part. S. M. Hopkins

Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

s 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

l 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

s 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

s 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

31. PSALM 103. 2d Part. L. M. Dunstan

God's tender Mercy to his People.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

e 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
f On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

s 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

32. PSALM 145. 3d Part. C. M. Mear.

Mercy to Sufferers; or, God hearing Prayer.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

p 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

p 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
'They sought his aid in vain.']

f 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

33. PSALM 142. C. M. Stade. York.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by,
Neglected and unknown.

l 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
s 'Thou art my portion when I die,
'Be thou my refuge here.'

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty Friend.

f 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

34. PSALM 89. 1st Part. C. M. St. Anns.

The Faithfulness of God.

MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a greater covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

t 5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

35. PSALM 146. L. M. Blendon.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

s 3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
heir breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

f 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

36. PSALM 146. L. P. M. St. Helens.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

s 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

f 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

37. PSALM 111. 2d Part. C. M. London

The Perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

38. HYMN 166. B. 2. C. M. London.

The Divine Perfections.

HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

s 6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

l 8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word:
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

39. HYMN 167. B. 2. L. M. Portugal.
The Divine Perfections.

GREAT God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth, and the stars and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 [His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he commands, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

8 [His mercy like a boundless sea
Washes our load of guilt away.

While his own Son came down and died
T' engage his mercy on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

s 10 O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice!
l Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

40. HYMN 168. B. 2. L. M. Monmouth

The Divine Perfections.

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

s 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
f His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

s 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend!
f Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

41. HYMN 169. B. 2. H. M. or 6's & 8's. Bethesda

The same.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine With beams so bright
No mortal eye Can bear the sight.

l 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
p And where his love Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm, And shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

s 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father and my Friend!'
f I love his name. I love his word;
Join all my powers, And praise the Lord.

42. HYMN 170. B. 2. L. M. Old Hundred.

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells, and snuffs the empty wind.

4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

s 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole:
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways,
But who shall dare describe his face?
l Who can endure his light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

43. HYMN 87. B. 2. C. M. Barby.

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne,

Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
p But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!

p 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

p 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
l While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

44. PSALM 36. C. M. Park-street.

Practical Atheism exposed.

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
'Their thoughts believe there's none.'

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there's a hastening hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above the heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.]

45. PSALM 36. S. M. Watchman.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, practical Atheism exposed.

WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
'He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes.'

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hands, and head,
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear:
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

46. PSALM 115. L. M. Luton.

The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.

NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, 'Where's the God you've serv'd so long?'

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood,
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

s 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
l But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

47. PSALM 135. C. M. Cambridge.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

AWAKE, ye saints; to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

f 3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf
Nor hear when mortals pray;

Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

f 8 Ye saints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

48. PSALM 103. 3d Part. S. M. Thacher.
God's universal Dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

49. HYMN 27. B. 2. L. M. Arnheim.
Praise ye him, all his Angels. Ps. cxlviii. 2.

GOD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing.
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

f 5 Speak, (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads through all your frame:
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly javelins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!]

l 8 [Shout to your King, you heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

l 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

50. PSALM 86. C. M. Braintree.

A general Song of Praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor all their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet:
Teach me thy heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

51. HYMN 71. B. 2. C. M. Abridge.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

52. PSALM 148. 6's & 8's. Bethesda.
Praise to God from all Creatures.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng Of angels bright,
In words of light Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light;
His power declare, Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, And all their frame
From nothing came, To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheel
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last:
In different ways His works proclaim
His wondrous name, And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore Their tribute pay,
And still display Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,

And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word:
When lightnings shine, Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame, Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms, Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King:
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream Of power and state
Make you forget His power supreme.

9 Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as he reigns His name be sung
By every tongue, In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky Attempt his praise.
His saints shall raise His honours high.

53. PSALM 148. Paraphrased. L. M. Newcourt.

Universal Praise to God.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. *This psalm may be sung to tune of* L. M. 6 lines, *if these two lines be added to every stanza, namely,*

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

p 6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye:
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him ye beasts, in different strains,
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings!
l O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
ll From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

54. PSALM 148. S. M. Sutton.

Universal Praise.

LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;

By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

55. HYMN 147. B. 2. C. M. Swanwich.

The Creation of the World, Gen. i.

NOW let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies,
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark our months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was formed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

56. PSALM 139. 2d Part. L. M. Islington.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame,
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay,
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Were copied with unerring art.

4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

57. PSALM 139. 2d Part. C. M. Pembroke.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part:
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copied by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

58. PSALM 111. 1st Part. C. M. St. Davids

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name!

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill:
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

59. PSALM 100. 1st Part. L. M. Rothwell

Praise to our Creator.

YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

f 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

60. PSALM 100. 2d Part. L. M. Old Hundred.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

f 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

61. PSALM 33. 1st Part. C. M. Arlington.

Works of Creation and Providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

62. PSALM 33. L. P. M. Ps. 46th.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands:
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

63. PSALM 121. L. M. Shoen

Divine Protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way:
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening-veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

p 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;

Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch: no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go and still return
Safe in the Lord: his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

64. PSALM 121. C. M. Irish.

Preservation by Day and Night.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
p His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

f 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord:
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite:
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

65. PSALM 121. H. M. or 6's & 8's. Portsmouth.

God our Preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all mine aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower To which I fly;
His grace is nigh In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes That never sleep
Shall Israel keep When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, And thou my shade,
To guard my head By night or noon.

p 4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death!
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

66. HYMN 19. B. 2. C. M. London.

Our Bodies frail, and God our Preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear:
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

p 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
Let blood (said he) *flow round the veins,*
And round the veins it flows.

i 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

67. HYMN 83. B. 1. C. M. Bangor.

Afflictions and Death under Providence.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace ;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

68. PSALM 65. 2d Part. L. M. Wells.

The God of Nature and Grace.

s THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears :
Yet when he comes with kind designs
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempests cease ;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm
He settles in a peaceful form ;
Mountains establish'd by his hand
Firm on their old foundation stand.

f 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly,
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

9 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;

He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in his language speaks thy name.

l 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

69. PSALM 107. 4th Part. L. M. Nantwich.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck.

l WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.

p 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

l 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

70. PSALM 107. 4th Part. C. M. Rochester.

The Mariner's Hymn.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;

The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

p 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

f 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears:
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

l 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record!

71. HYMN 109. B. 2. L. M. Putney.

The Darkness of Providence.

p LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the terrors of the night.

p 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

72. PSALM 73. S. M. Sutton.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,

Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

p 6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
'Is there a God that sees or hears
'The things below the skies!'

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

p 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

73. PSALM 73. 1st Part. C. M. Dundee.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

p 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
'How pleasant and profane they live!
'How peaceful is their death!

3 'With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
'They lay their fears to sleep;
'Against the heavens their slanders rise,
'While saints in silence weep.

4 'In vain I lift my hands to pray,
'And cleanse my heart in vain,
'For I am chasten'd all the day,
'The night renews my pain.'

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
'Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
'And grieve the men I love.'

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from fell despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

74. PSALM 9. 2d Part. C. M. Canterbury.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God!
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

75. PSALM 36. L. M. Portugal.

General Providence and special Grace.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

p 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

f 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

76. PSALM 147. 1st Part. L. M. Duke-street.

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;

There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

77. PSALM 136. L. M. Rothwell.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption, and Salvation.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' lord and kings are known 'no more.'

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' suns and moons shall shine 'no more.'

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' death and sin shall reign 'no more.'

7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' this vain world shall be no more.'

78. PSALM 68. 3d Part. L. M. Wells.

Praise for temporal Blessings.

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good.
Who fills our hearts with joy and food:
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong:
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

p 5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

l 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

79. PSALM 57. L. M. Surry.

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

p 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

l 4 My heart is fix'd: my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

t 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

80. PSALM 104. L. M. Duke-street.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread,
The unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
f Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
f And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand!
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
l He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in the channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

f 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE. Blendon.

9 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

10 While each receives his different food.
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

p 11 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

f 12 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men:
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waste of time and death.

s 13 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

14 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

15 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

16 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I, to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

81. PSALM 78. 1st Part. C. M. Peterboro

Providences of God recorded.

LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone,
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands!

82. HYMN 57. B. 1. C. M. Woodland.

Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood,
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

f 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new-creates our dust.

83. HYMN 124. B. 1. L. M. Addison.

The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own the unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

p 2 Adam, the sinner: at his fall,
Death like a conqu'ror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

s 3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe
Behold the terrors of thy law,

f We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

f 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.]

6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

84. PSALM 51. 2d Part. L. M. Munich.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

p 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

p 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
l Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

85. PSALM 51. 1st Part. C. M. Windsor

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;

Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

p 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath:
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

fp 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love:
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

f 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

86. HYMN 128. B. 2. C. M. Barby.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

f 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

87. PSALM 14. 1st Part. C. M. Dundee.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say
'That all religion's vain,
'There is no God that reigns on high,
'Or minds th' affairs of men.'

s 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fear's his Maker's hand
There's none that loves his name.

f 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found:
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

88. HYMN 160. B. 2. L. M. Luto

Custom in Sin.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin:
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

f 4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine:
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

89. HYMN 24. B. 2. L. M. Quercy.

The evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.

WHEN the Great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,

The joyful cherub tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
*Amongst the morning-stars he sung
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.

3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
'Son of the morning, from the skies!']†

4 And thus our two first parents stood
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curst name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

p 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief!
O may he slay this treacherous guest!

fl 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin the monster bleeds and dies.

90. HYMN 150. B. 2. C. M. Mear.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

91. HYMN 153. B. 2. C. M. York.

The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isa. xiv. 12.

The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

p 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
f And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.]

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
f He foams, and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

92. HYMN 156. B. 2. C. M. Stephens

Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath:
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

p 3 Now he persuades, 'How easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven;'
l Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
'They cannot be forgiven.'

4 [He bids young sinners 'Yet forbear
'To think of God or death;
'For prayer and devotion are
'But melancholy breath.'

5 He tells the aged, 'They must die,
'And 'tis too late to pray;
'In vain for mercy now they cry,
'For they have lost their day.']

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

f 7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

93. HYMN 157. B. 2. C. M. Cambridge.

The same.

NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll begone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.

f 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

94. HYMN 158. B. 2. L. M. Windham.

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, and the Hypocrite.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there:
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

p 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

95. PSALM 8. 2d Part. L. M. Heber.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the New Creation.

LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

p 4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
l But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

SCRIPTURE.

96. HYMN 53. B. 1. L. M. Old Hundred

The Holy Scriptures.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
The book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

4 Ye nations all, who read his love,
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) Praise ye the Lord.

97. HYMN 151. B. 2. L. M. Bath

Prophecy and Inspiration.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

98. HYMN 119. B. 2. C. M. Barby.

The Holy Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.]

4 [Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

f 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

99. PSALM 19. L. M. Truro.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

f 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

100. PSALM 19. L. P. M. Brooklyn.

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

GREAT God, the heaven's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
p With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
f The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw,
These are my study and delight:

Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

p 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

101. PSALM 119. 7th Part. C. M. Arundel.

Imperfections of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

102. PSALM 119. 4th Part. C. M. Mendon.

Instruction from Scripture.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express:

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

103. PSALM 119. 5th Part. C. M. Peterboro'.

Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God dwelling in us.

O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold

For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

p 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

104. PSALM 119. 6th Part. C. M. Stephens.
Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

p 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
'How sweet thy comforts be!'
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

f 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compared to mine.

105. PSALM 119. 8th Part. C. M. Archdale.
The Word of God is the Saint's Portion.

l LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

106. HYMN 116. B. 1. L. M. Shoel.

Love to God and our Neighbour.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
'Let all thy inward powers unite
'To love thy Maker and thy God,
'With utmost vigour and delight.

2 'Then shall thy neighbour next in place
'Share thine affection and esteem,
'And let thy kindness to thyself
'Measure and rule thy love to him.'

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

p 4 But, oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
f Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

107. HYMN 38. B. 1. 2d Part. L. M. Bray.

The universal Law of Equity, Matt. viii. 12.

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine.
How righteous is this rule of thine,
'To do to all men just the same
'As we expect or wish from them.'

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus rul'd by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

108. PSALM 50. 2d Part. C. M. Dedham.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, 'The spacious fields,
'And flocks and herds are mine;
'O'er all the cattle of the hills
'I claim a right divine.

2 'I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
'Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
'To trust and love, to pray and praise,
'Is all that I require.

3 'Call upon me when trouble's near,
'My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
'The honour due to me.

4 'The man that offers humble praise,
'He glorifies me best;
'And those that tread my holy ways
'Shall my salvation taste.'

109. PSALM 16. 1st Part. L. M. Germany.

Saints the best Company.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

f 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heavenly birth
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

110. HYMN 115. B. 1. C. M. St. Anns.

Conviction of Sin by the Law.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

p 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

p 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

p 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

111. HYMN 121. B. 2. L. M. Shoel.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been:
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

e 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
f Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

112. HYMN 120. B. 2. S. M. Fountain.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

GOSPEL.

113. PSALM 89. 3d Part. C. M. Peterboro'.
A blessed Gospel.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

114. HYMN 128. B. 1. L. M. Truro.
The Apostles' Commission.

'GO preach my gospel, *saith the Lord*,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
'He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
'He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 'I'll make your great commission known,
'And ye shall prove my gospel true
'By all the works that I have done,
'By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 'Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
'Go cast out devils in my name;
'Nor let my prophets be afraid,
'Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 'Teach all the nations my commands,
'I'm with you till the world shall end;
'All power is trusted in my hands,
'I can destroy, and I defend.'

5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

115. HYMN 4. B. 1. 2d Part. L. M. Otis.
The inward Witness to Christianity.

QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more:
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;

His Spirit seals his Gospel sure
To every soul that trusts in him.

p 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within:
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty, and divine.

116. HYMN 131. B. 2. L. M. China.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

p 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

f 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

117. HYMN 118. B. 1. S. M. Shirland

Sin against the Law and Gospel.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,

Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

118. HYMN 119. B. 1. C. M. Arundel.

The different Success of the Gospel.

CHRIST and his cross are all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

f 2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
p But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

119. HYMN 33. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M. Hopkinton.

A rational Defence of the Gospel, Rom. i. 16.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer, God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults;
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts!

3 What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin:

The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the foolish, and the poor
His glorious grace partake;
This but confirms the truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin;
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

f 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

120. HYMN 34. 1st Part. B. 1. L. M. Averno.
The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of his mind?

p 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven!
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

f 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the Cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

121. HYMN 138. B. 2. L. M. Duke-street.
The Power of the Gospel.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;

This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

f 3 The gospel bids the dead revive:
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light:
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

122. HYMN 126. B. 2. C. M. Hartland.

God glorified in the Gospel.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond what e'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

l 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

123. HYMN 10. B. 1. S. M. Lisbon.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!

127. HYMN 96. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.

Election excludes boasting, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne:
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

128. HYMN 11. B. 1. L. M. Costellow.

The humble enlightened, and carnal Reason humbled.

THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
'Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.

2 'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
'That crowns my doctrine with success;
'And makes the babes in knowledge learn
'The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace

3 'But all this glory lies conceal'd
'From men of prudence and of might;
'The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
'And their own pride resists the light.

p 4 'Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
'Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
'Tis thy delight to abase the proud,
'And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 'There's none can know the Father right,
'But those who learn it from the Son;
'Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
'But where the Father makes him known.'

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he please,
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

129. HYMN 12. B. 1. C. M. Woodland

Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;

His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
'That hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned; and to babes
'Hath made thy gospel known.

3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
'Are hidden from the wise,
'While pride and carnal reasonings join
'To swell and blind their eyes.'

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth,
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

130. HYMN 96. B. 2. C. M. Mentz.

Distinguishing Love; or, Angels punished, and Men saved.

DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.

3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die
To save a trait'rous race?

p 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn with quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher!

l 5 O for his love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

131. HYMN 97. B. 2. L. M. Wells.

The same.

FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down:
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sovereign grace
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

f 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

COVENANT OF GRACE.

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132. PSALM 89. 1st Part. L. M. Luton.

The Covenant made with Christ.

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
'With thee my covenant first is made;
'In thee shall dying sinners live,
'Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 'Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
'Thy children shall be ever blest;
'Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
'Shall stand eternal like my own.

4 'There's none of all my sons above
'So much my image or my love;
'Celestial powers thy subjects are,
'Then what can earth to thee compare!

5 'David, my servant, whom I chose
'To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
'And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
'Was but a shadow of my Son.'

f 6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

133. PSALM 89. 5th Part. C. M. Mear.

Afflictions without Rejection.

'YET,' saith the Lord, 'if David's race,
'The children of my Son,
'Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
'And tempt mine anger down;

2 'Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
'And make their folly smart;
'But I'll not cease to be their God,
'Nor from my truth depart.

3 'My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
'But keep my grace in mind;
'And what eternal love hath spoke,
'Eternal truth shall bind.

4 'Once have I sworn (I need no more)
'And pledg'd my holiness,
'To seal the sacred promise sure
'To David and his race.

5 'The sun shall see his offspring rise
'And spread from sea to sea.
'Long as he travels round the skies
'To give the nations day.

6 'Sure as the moon that rules the night
'His kingdom shall endure,
'Till the fixed laws of shade and light
'Shall be observ'd no more.'

134. HYMN 46. B. 2. C. M. St. Martins.
Our comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

135. HYMN 139. B. 1. L. M. Groton.
God's Promise and Truth unchangeable.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

REDEMPTION.

136. HYNM 78. B. 2. C. M. Dedham.
Redemption by Christ.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

f 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign,
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

f 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

137. HYMN 29. B. 2. C. M. Ar'ington
Redemption by Price and Power.

JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood:

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

f 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
Where angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

138. HYMN 82. B. 2. C. M. Stephens.

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God,
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

f 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

139. HYMN 35. B. 2. C. M. London.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne,
All glory to th' United Three,
The Undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Twas he restor'd our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

l 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound,
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

140. PSALM 40. 6—9. 2d Part. C. M. Barby

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

THUS saith the Lord, 'Your work is vain,
'Give your burnt-offerings o'er,
'In dying goats and bullocks slain
'My soul delights no more.'

2 Then spake the Saviour, 'Lo, I'm here,
'My God, to do thy will;
'Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
'Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 'Thy law is ever in my sight,
'I keep it near my heart;
'Mine ears are open with delight
'To what thy lips impart.'

4 And see, the bless'd Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

141. PSALM 40. L. M. Bath.

Christ our Sacrifice.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt,
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

7 4 'Behold, I come,' (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes.)
'I come to bear the heavy load
'Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 ''Tis written in thy great decree,
''Tis in thy book foretold of me.

I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
'And, lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 'I'll magnify thy holy law,
'And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky:

f 7 'The Spirit shall descend, and show
'What thou hast done, and what I do;
'The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
'Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

142. HYMN 118. B. 2. L. M. Munich.

The Priesthood of Christ.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain,
Speaks *Peace* as loud from every vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deserve his sword
Become the favourites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

143. HYMN 155. B. 2. C. M. Windsor.

Christ our Passover.

LO! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land:
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

144. HYMN 33. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M. Lynfield.

The Atonement of Christ, Rom. iii. 25.

HOW is our nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

p 2 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near thy throne.

s 3 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

l 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

145. HYMN 148. B. 2. C. M. Norman.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thy interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

146. HYMN 61. B. 1. L. M. **Arnheim.**

Christ our King, and coming to Judgment.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes;
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

REGENERATION.

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147. HYMN 95. B. 1. C. M. **Arlington.**

Regeneration. John i. 13; iii. 3, &c.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

f 4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

148. HYMN 99. B. 1. C. M. **Bray.**

Grace not conveyed by Religious Parents.

VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,

Descended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.

3 Such wondrous power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

149. HYMN 130. B. 2. C. M. Tolland.

The new Creation.

ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show;
'Behold I sit upon my throne
'Creating all things new.

2 'Nature and sin are pass'd away,
'And the old Adam dies;
'My hands a new foundation lay,
'See the new world arise.

3 'I'll be a sun of righteousness
'To the new heavens I make;
'None but the new-born heirs of grace
'My glories shall partake.'

f 4 Mighty Redeemer set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

150. HYMN 159. B. 2. C. M. Boxford.

An unconverted State; or, converting Grace.

[GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.]

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;

Engag'd in the old serpent's cause
Against our Maker's face.]

p 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

l 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

151. HYMN 161. B. 2. C. M. Bangor.

Christian Virtues; or, Difficulty of Conversion.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high,
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

p 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard!
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

JUSTIFICATION.

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152. HYMN 94. B. 1. C. M. Dedham.

Justification by Faith, not by Works.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

f 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

153. HYMN 154. B. 2. L. M. Alden.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

WHERE are the mourners,* saith the Lord,
'That wait and tremble at my word,
'That walk in darkness all the day?
'Come make my name your trust and stay.

2 '[No works nor duties of your own
'Can for the smallest sin atone;
'†The robes that nature may provide
'Will not your least pollution hide.

3 'The softest couch that nature knows
'Can give the conscience no repose:
'Look to my righteousness, and live;
'Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 'Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
'With your own hands to warm your souls,
'Walk in the light of your own fire,
'Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5 'This is your portion at my hands;
'Hell waits you with her iron bands,
'Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
'In death, in darkness, and despair.'

154. PSALM 71. 2d Part. C. M. Norway

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,

* Isaiah i. 10, 11. † Isaiah xxviii. 20.

And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

p 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

f 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

i 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

155. HYMN 109. B. 1. L. M. Derby.

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

156. HYMN 20. B. 1. C. M. Bray.

Spiritual Apparel; namely, the Robe of Righteousness.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine
How white their garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

p 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

PARDON.

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157. PSALM 130. C. M. Victory.

Pardoning Grace.

OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

p 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 [Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

f 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.]

158. PSALM 130. L. M. Dresden.

The same.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

f 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

f 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

159. PSALM 32. S. M. Norwich.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

p 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

160. PSALM 32. C. M. Archdale.

Free Pardon; or, Confession and Forgiveness.

HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;

But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And, from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

p 4 While I my inward guilt suppress't,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd:
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

161. PSALM 32. 2d Part. L. M. China.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess:
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

162. PSALM 32. 1st Part. L. M. Oporto.

Repentance and free Pardon; or, Justification.

BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,

He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

f 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

163. HYMN 85. B. 2. C. M. Wantage.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise!

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell!

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now if we search to find our sins
Our sins can ne'er be found.

f 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

ADOPTION.

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164. HYMN 64. B. 1. S. M. Shirland.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

p 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

f 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall [illegible], Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

165. HYMN 143. B. 1. C. M. **Mear.**
Characters of the Children of God.

AS new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates:
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust:
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice:
Faith like a conqueror can produce
A thousand victories.]

5 Grace like an uncorrupted seed
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

f 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, *My Father God*,
With an unwavering tongue.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

166. PSALM 23. L. M. Rothwell.
God our Shepherd.

MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace.
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

167. PSALM 23. C. M. Barby.

The same.

MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
p O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

168. PSALM 23. S. M. Watchman

The same.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

f 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

169. PSALM 73. 2d Part. C. M. Rochester.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

GOD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

p 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
l God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

f 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

170. HYMN 94. B. 2. C. M. York.

God my only happiness, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

p 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee;
Or what my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

f 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

171. HYMN 93. B. 2. S. M. Shirland

God all, and in all, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

p 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

f 8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

172. HYMN 15. B. 2. L. M. Denmark.

Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

f 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

l 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

173. HYMN 16. B. 2. L. M. Duke-street.

Part the Second.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, *My God is mine,*
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

f 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear objects of our love.

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees:
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

SANCTIFICATION.

174. HYMN 132. B. 1. L. M. Townsend.
Holiness and Grace, Tit. ii. 10—13.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

f 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

175. HYMN 143. B. 2. C. M. Lynnfield.
Flesh and Spirit.

WHAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my song of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace:
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

176. HYMN 104. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.
A State of Nature and of Grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,

Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

p 2 Surprising grace! And such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

f 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

177. HYMN 22. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M. Arlington.

Flesh and Spirit, Rom. viii. 1.

WHAT vain desires, and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.

2 How have I wander'd from my God;
And, following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defil'd my nobler frame!

3 For ever blessed be thy grace,
That form'd my soul anew,
And made it of a heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

4 My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

f 5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust;
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.

6 My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on:
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone.

178. HYMN 119. 11th Part. C. M. St. Ann's.

Breathing after Holiness.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

f 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

179. HYMN 97. B. 1. L. M. Brentford

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.

BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

p 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears
Till his atoning blood appears,
f Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

180. HYMN 98. B. 1. S. M. Drocut.

The same.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven,

But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

181. HYMN 90. B. 2. C. M. Archdale.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

v HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

f 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
l 'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'

f 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O! help my unbelief.

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

p 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

PERSEVERANCE.

182. PSALM 125. C. M. Stade.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

p 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

183. PSALM 125. S. M. Silver-street

The Saint's Trial and Safety; or, moderated Afflictions.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

p 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

184. PSALM 138. L. M. Luton.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

[WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

p 4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

. 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

185. PSALM 97. 3d Part. L. M. Truro.

Grace and Glory.

THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

v 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

l 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

186. HYMN 51. B. 1. S. M. Milbury.

Preserving Grace, Jude, ver. 24, 25.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around thy throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

SALVATION.

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187. HYMN 88. B. 2. C. M. Cambridge.
Salvation.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

f 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

188. HYMN 111. B. 1. C. M. Devizes
Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

[LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
Abounding through his Son.]

p 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

p 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

f 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

189. HYMN 31. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M. Irish.
Condescending Grace, Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

s 2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

p 3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings!
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,
Upon such worthless things!

s 4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways
How deep thy judgments be!

190. HYMN 137. B. 1. L. M. Rothwell
Salvation by Grace in Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10

NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

191. PSALM 85. v. 9, &c. 2d Part. L. M. Lorrain

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven:
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

192. HYMN 4. B. 2. L. M. Germany.

Salvation in the Cross.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my soul away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, here to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

193. PSALM 69. 3d Part. C. M. Arundel.
Christ's Obedience and Death.

FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpets' solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most Holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thine own Israel waits.

194. HYMN 46. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M. Arlington.
God glorious and Sinners saved, Rom. i. 30.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's law,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

f 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

INVITATIONS.

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195. HYMN 7. B. 1. C. M. Woodland.
The Invitation of the Gospel; or, Spiritual Food.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.]

8 Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

f 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day,
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

196. HYMN 127. B. 1. L. M. Bath.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners; or, Humility and Pride, Matt. xi. 28—30.

'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
'Ye heavy laden sinners, come,
'I'll give you rest from all your toils,
'And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'They shall find rest that learn of me;
'I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
'But passion rages like the sea,
'And pride is restless as the wind.

3 'Blest is the man whose shoulders take
'My yoke, and bear it with delight;
'My yoke is easy to his neck,
'My grace shall make the burden light.'

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

197. HYMN 92. B. 1. S. M. Silver-street.

Christ the Wisdom of God, Prov. viii. 1. 22—32.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 'I was his chief delight,
'His everlasting Son,
'Before the first of all his works
'Creation was begun.

3 '[Before the flying clouds,
'Before the solid land,
'Before the fields, before the floods,
'I dwelt at his right hand.

4 'When he adorn'd the skies,
'And built them, I was there,
'To order when the sun should rise,
'And marshal every star.

5 'When he pour'd out the sea,
'And spread the flowing deep,
'I gave the flood a firm decree
'In its own bounds to keep.]

6 'Upon the empty air
'The earth was balanc'd well;
'With joy I saw the mansion where
'The sons of men should dwell.

7 'My busy thoughts at first
'On their salvation ran,
'Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
'Was fashion'd to a man.

f 8 'Then come, receive my grace,
'Ye children, and be wise:
'Happy the man that keeps my ways;
'The man that shuns them dies.'

198. HYMN 93. B. 1. L. M. Wells.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
'Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
'Keeps daily watch before my gates,
'And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 'The soul that seeks me shall obtain
'Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
'Immortal life is his reward.
'Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 'But the vile wretch that flies from me
'Doth his own soul an injury;
'Fools that against my grace rebel,
'Seek death, and love the road to hell.

PROMISES.

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199. HYMN 107. B. 1. L. M. Amiry

The Fall and Recovery of Man.

DECEIV'D by subtile snares of hell.
Adam our head, our father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threatening; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 'The woman's seed shall be my Son,
'He shall destroy what thou hast done
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy malice raging at his heel.'

f 5 [He spake: and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears:
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.

200. HYMN 9. B. 1. C. M. Devizes.

The Promises of the Covenant of Grace.

IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind,
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

f 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

f 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

f 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And He our God of grace.

201. HYMN 15. B. 1. L. M. Portugal.

Our own Weakness, or Christ our Strength.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.

f 8 'Then come, receive my grace,
'Ye children, and be wise:
'Happy the man that keeps my ways;
'The man that shuns them dies.'

198. HYMN 93. B. 1. L. M. Wells.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
'Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
'Keeps daily watch before my gates,
'And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 'The soul that seeks me shall obtain
'Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
'Immortal life is his reward.
'Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 'But the vile wretch that flies from me
'Doth his own soul an injury;
'Fools that against my grace rebel,
'Seek death, and love the road to hell.

PROMISES.

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199. HYMN 107. B. 1. L. M. Armly

The Fall and Recovery of Man.

DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell.
Adam our head, our father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threatening; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 'The woman's seed shall be my Son,
'He shall destroy what thou hast done
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy malice raging at his heel.'

f 5 [He spake: and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears:
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.

200. HYMN 9. B. 1. C. M. **Devizes.**

The Promises of the Covenant of Grace.

IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind,
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

f 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

f 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

f 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And He our God of grace.

201. HYMN 15. B. 1. L. M. **Portugal.**

Our own Weakness, or Christ our Strength.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise
We find how great our weakness is.

5 [So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

202. HYMN 32. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.

Strength from Heaven, Isa. xl. 27—30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal powers shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

203. HYMN 84. B. 1. L. M. Old Hundred.

Salvation, Righteousness, and strength in Christ.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 'I am the Last, and I the First,
'The Saviour God, and God the Just;
'There's none beside pretends to show
'Such justice and salvation too.

3 'Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
'Just on the verge of death and hell,
'Look up to me from distant lands,
'Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.

4 'I by my holy name have sworn,
'Nor shall the word in vain return,
'To me shall all things bend the knee,
'And every tongue shall swear to me.]

5 'In me alone shall men confess
'Lies all their strength and righteousness;
'But such as dare despise my name,
'I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 'In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
'Of Israel from their sins be freed,
'And by their shining graces prove
Their interest in my pardoning love.'

204. HYMN 85. B. 1. S. M. Silver-street.

The same.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
'Mercy and Justice are the names
'By which I will be known.

p 2 'Ye dying souls that sit
'In darkness and distress,
'Look from the borders of the pit
'To my recovering grace.'

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
'Our righteousness and strength are found
'In thee, the Lord, alone.'

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

205. HYMN 87. B. 1. L. M. Nantwich.

God dwells with the humble and penitent.

THUS saith the High and Lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne,
'My name is God, I dwell on high,
'Dwell in my own eternity.

2 'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too,
'The humble spirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.

p 3 'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 [' When I contend against their sin
'I make them know how vile they've been;
' But should my wrath for ever smoke,
' Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.']

p 5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

206. HYMN 125. B. 1. C. M. Irish.

Christ's Compassion to the weak and tempted.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

207. HYMN 138. B. I. C. M.

Saints in the hands of Christ, John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast,
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

208. PSALM 119. 10th Part. C. M.

Pleading the Promises.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear:
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 My eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

209. HYMN 69. B. 2. C. M. Stephens.

The Faithfulness of God in his Promises.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim 'salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;'
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread,'
And heaven was stretch'd abroad
'Abrah'm, I'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abrah'm's God.

p 8 O, might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine,'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

f 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

210. HYMN 60. B. 2. L. M. Monmouth.

The Truth of God the Promiser; or, the Promises are our Security.

PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spake and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

p 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
s Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

f 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own court his power sustains.

211. HYMN 51. B. 2. L. M. Evening Hymn.

God the Son equal with the Father.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee!

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

212. HYMN 2. B. 1. L. M. Blendon

The Deity and Humanity of Christ, John i. 3, 14.

ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power were all things made
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born or Satan fell,
He led the hosts of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,

That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace
When through his flesh the Godhead shone.

f 6 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

213. HYMN 47. B. 2. L. M. Truro

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

l NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

p 5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

214. HYMN 22. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M. Brentford

Christ the eternal Life, Rom. ix. 5.

JESUS our Saviour and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

2 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

3 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;

p A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
f 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face and taste thy love.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

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215. HYMN 3. B. 1. S. M. Dover.

The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30.

BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
'The promis'd infant born to-day
'Doth in a manger lie.

p 6 'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your King;'
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

l 7 'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At the Redeemer's birth!'

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

l 9 'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth.']

216. HYMN 4. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M. Arlington
The Nativity of Christ, Luke ii. 10, &c.

SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies,
'Salvation's born to-day.

2 'Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
'Comes down to dwell with you;
'To-day he makes his entrance here,
'But not as monarchs do.

3 'No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
'Nor royal shining things;
'A manger for his cradle stands,
'And holds the King of kings.

p 4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
'And see his humble throne;
'With tears of joy in all your eyes,
'Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

l 6 'Glory to God that reigns above,
'Let peace surround the earth;
'Mortals shall know their Maker's love
'At their Redeemer's birth.'

p 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise!
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

f 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

217. PSALM 97. 2d Part. L. M. Arnheim
Christ's Incarnation.

THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

218. HYMN 60. B. 1. L. M. Portugal.

The Virgin Mary's Song; or, Messiah born.

OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.

s 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and reverend is his name.]

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abrah'm and his seed,
'In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;'
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

f 6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes,
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

219. HYMN 135. B. 2. L. M. Surry.

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm the saint rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw:
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

220. HYMN 136. B. 2. L. M. Duke-street.

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth!

Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant-Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

221. PSALM 98. 2d Part. C. M. Cambridge.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

222. PSALM 96. C. M. Bray.

Christ's First and Second Coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy to the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

f 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:

Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

223. PSALM 97. C. M. Winter.

Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way.
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim.
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

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224. HYMN 103. B. 2. C. M. Barby.

Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

p 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

f 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

225. HYMN 104. B. 2. S. M. Silver-street

The same.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

226. HYMN 139. B. 2. L. M. German Hymn

The Example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

227. HYMN 112. B. 2. L. M. Winchelsea.

Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.

GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command
To shield and guard thy people's coasts
When foreign rage invades the land.

4 Now they are set to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

228. HYMN 113. B. 2. C. M. Kingston.

The same.

THE majesty of Solomon
How glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!

2 But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

p 4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host
To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angel sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

p 8 O could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
l Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

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229. PSALM 69. 2d Part. L. M. Ware

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 ['My Father's house,' said he, 'was made
'A place for worship, not for trade;'
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that died for me.

7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans:
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld; and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour out vengeance on their head.

230. PSALM 69. 1st Part. L. M. Ware.

Christ's Passion and Sinner's Salvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord,
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name.
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

231. PSALM 69. 1st Part. C. M. St. Sebastians.

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

'SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
'Break in upon my soul;
'I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
'Like mighty waters roll.

p 2 'I cry till all my voice be gone,
'In tears I waste the day:
'My God, behold my longing eyes,
'And shorten thy delay.

3 'They hate my soul without a cause,
'And still their number grows
'More than the hairs around my head,
'And mighty are my foes.

4 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
'That men could never pay,
'And gave those honours to thy law
'Which sinners took away.'

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns ;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

f 6 'Now shall the saints rejoice and find
'Salvation in my name,
'For I have borne their heavy load
'Of sorrow, pain, and shame.'

232. PSALM 69. 2d Part. C. M. Limehouse.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

NOW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing
The sufferings of our great High-priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;
How high the waters rise !
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
'Nor hide thy shining face ;
'Why should thy favourite look like one
'Forsaken of thy grace?

4 'With rage they persecute the man
'That groans beneath thy wound,
'While for a sacrifice I pour
'My life upon the ground.

5 'They tread my honour to the dust,
'And laugh when I complain ;
'Their sharp insulting slanders add
'Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 'All my reproach is known to thee,
'The scandal and the shame ;
'Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
'And lies defil'd my name.

7 'I look'd for pity, but in vain ;
'My kindred are my grief:
'I ask my friends for comfort round,
'But meet with no relief.

8 'With vinegar they mock my thirst ;
'They gave me gall for food ;
'And sporting with my dying groans,
'They triumph in my blood.

9 'Shine into my distressed soul,
'Let thy compassion save ;
'And though my flesh sink down to death,
'Redeem it from the grave.

10 'I shall arise to praise thy name,
'Shall reign in worlds unknown ;

'And thy salvation, O my God,
'Shall seat me on thy throne.'

233. PSALM 22. 1st Part. C. M. **Mentz.**
The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

'WHY has my God my soul forsook,
'Nor will a smile afford?'
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
'In vain he trusts in God,' they cry,
'Neglected and forlorn.'

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

234. HYMN 43. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M. Alfreton.
Jesus our Surety and Saviour, 1 Peter i. 18.

p ADAM our Father and our head
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

f 2 But, O! unutterable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place,
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.

3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes:
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above
And bow to this mysterious love.

5 Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won,

Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts ador'd;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

f 7 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love,
Raise us beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

235. HYMN 114. B. 2. C. M. York.

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
v *'Tis finish'd*, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finish'd*, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

l 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

236. PSALM 16. 2d Part. L. M.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood,

2 My God provides a richer cup,
A nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd

To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

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237. PSALM 16. 2d Part. C. M. **Arundel.**

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

'I SET the Lord before my face,
'He bears my courage up,
'My heart and tongue their joys express
'My flesh shall rest in hope.

p 2 'My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
'Where souls departed are:
'Nor quit my body to the grave
'To see corruption there.

f 3 'Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
'And raise me to thy throne;
'Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
'Thy presence joys unknown.'

4 [Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills!
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

238. HYMN 76. B. 2. C. M. **Stamford**

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

l 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

239. HYMN 26. B. 1. C. M. St. Marks.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

p 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust!
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

f 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

240. HYMN 137. B. 2. L. M. Rothwell.

Miracles in the Life and Death of Christ.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

p 3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

f 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

241. PSALM 2. L. M. Old Hundred.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their powers engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?

2 'Come, let us break his bands,' they say,
'This man shall never give us laws:'
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.

s 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 'I will maintain the King I made
'On Zion's everlasting hill,
'My hand shall bring him from the dead,
'And he shall stand your sovereign still.'

5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth,
'This day have I begot my Son.

6 'Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
'There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
'The utmost bounds of heathen lands:
'To thee the northern isles shall bow.']

7 But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potters' earthen work is broke.

242. PSALM 24. L. M. Nantwich.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds,
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God!

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race
That seek the God of Jacob's face;

These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

243. PSALM 47. C. M. Devizes

Christ ascending and reigning.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

244. PSALM 68. 2d Part. L. M. Blendon

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

245. HYMN 141. B. 1. S. M. Little Marlboro'
The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.

5 'But I'll prolong his days,
'And make his kingdom stand,
'My pleasure (saith the God of grace)
'Shall prosper in his hand.

6 ['His joyful soul shall see
'The purchase of his pain,
'And by his knowledge justify
'The guilty sons of men.]

7 ['Ten thousand captive slaves,
'Releas'd from death and sin,
'Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
'And own his power divine.]

8 ['Heaven shall advance my Son
'To joys that earth denied;
'Who saw the follies men had done
'And bore their sins, and died.']

246. HYMN 142. B. 1. S. M. **Aylesbury**
The same, Isaiah liii. 6—9, 12.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

s 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

p 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

f 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

'I'll give him (saith the Lord)
'A portion with the strong;
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

247. HYMN 37. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M. **Shirley**
Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue,
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus the Lord of worlds above
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

p 4 What black reproach defil'd his name,
When with our sins he took our shame!
He whom adoring angels blest,
Is made the impious rebel's jest.

p 5 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans,
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.

l 6 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

7 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

248. HYMN 44. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M. Dublin.

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say 'Live for ever, wondrous King!
'Born to redeem, and strong to save;'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting!'
And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

249. HYMN 43. B. 2. L. M. Lugden.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came to raise our nature high!
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.]

4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

p 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth
And rose to everlasting day.

l 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace,
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

250. PSALM 8. C. M. Pembroke.

Christ's Condescension and Glorification.

O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

p 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

p 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
And tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

l 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

l 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

251. HYMN 83. B. 2. C. M. Putney.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

THUS saith the ruler of the skies,
'Awake, my dreadful sword;
'Awake, my wrath, and smite the man
'My fellow,' saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies,
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

3 But oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

252. HYMN 84. B. 2. S. M. Dover.

The same.

COME all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

p 5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

l 8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

253. PSALM 21. ver. 1—9. L. M. Rothwell

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thy hand shall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

254. PSALM 22. 2d Part. C. M. Bangor.

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

'NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
'O Lord, protect thy Son;
'Nor leave thy darling to engage
'The powers of hell alone.'

p 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

255. PSALM 22. L. M. Eaton.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

p NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
'He rescu'd others from the grave,
'Now let him try himself to save.

3 'This is the man did once pretend
'God was his father and his friend;
'If God the blessed lov'd him so,
'Why doth he fail to help him now?'

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

256. PSALM 89. 4th Part. C. M. China.

Christ's mediatorial Kingdom; or, his divine and human Nature.

HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And make his mercy known:
'Sinners, behold your help is laid
'On my almighty Son.

2 'Behold the man my wisdom chose
'Among your mortal race;
'His head my holy oil o'erflows,
'The Spirit of my grace.

3 'High shall he reign on David's throne,
'My people's better King;
'My arm shall beat his rivals down,
'And still new subjects bring.

4 'My truth shall guard him in his way,
'With mercy by his side.
'While in my name through earth and sea
'He shall in triumph ride.

5 'Me for his Father and his God
'He shall for ever own,
'Call me his rock, his high abode,
'And I'll support my Son.

6 'My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
'At my right hand shall sit;
'Beneath him angels know their place,
'And monarchs at his feet.

7 'My covenant stands for ever fast,
'My promises are strong;
'Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
'His seed endure as long.'

257. PSALM 99. 1st Part. S. M. Ashford.
Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

f 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

s 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

258. HYMN 36. B. 2. S. M. Baltimore.

Christ's Intercession.

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

e 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

f 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
'Hosanna to the God of grace
'That lays his thunder by.]

6 'On earth thy mercy reigns,
'And triumphs all above;'
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

259. HYMN 37. B. 2. C. M. Colchester.

The same.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose a God.

3 Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring,
The Priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne,
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

l 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

260. HYMN 145. B. 1. C. M. Barby.

Christ and Aaron.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4 [Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

5 Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne;

6 But Christ by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.]

f 7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

f 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

261. HYMN 12. B. 2. C. M. Mear.

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

p 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love:
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

p 5 'Father, (he cries,) forgive their sins,
'For I myself have died,'
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

262. PSALM 2. S. M. Peckham.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

[MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

l 9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne:
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

s 10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

263. PSALM 2. C. M. Christmas.

The same.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their race below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes
And strikes their spirits through.

3 'I call him my eternal Son,
'And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
'And wide his kingdom spread.

4 'Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
'The utmost heathen lands:
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
'The rebel that withstands.'

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord,
Adore the king of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone
Who on his grace rely.

264. HYMN 13. B. 1. L. M. Effingham.

The Titles, and the Kingdom of Christ.

THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light:
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold the expected child appear;
What shall his name or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd:
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus the holy child shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

265. HYMN 132. B. 2. C. M. Auburn

The Offices of Christ.

f WE bless the *Prophet* of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace:
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our *High-priest* above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted *King*,
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

266. HYMN 146. B. 1. L. M. Portugal.

Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate things, in Scripture.

GO, worship at *Immanuel's* feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3 [Is he compar'd to *wine* or *bread?*
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]

4 [Is he a *tree?* The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5 [Is he a *rose?* Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the *lily* he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]

6 [Is he a *vine?* His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul and branch to Christ the vine!

7 [Is he the *head?* Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [Is he a *fountain?* There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a *fire?* He'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [Is he a *rock?* How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]

11 [Is he a *way?* He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

12 [Is he a *door?* I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

13 [Is he design'd a *corner-stone,*
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a *temple?* I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

15 [Is he a *star?* He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

16 [Is he a *sun?* His beams are grace,
His course is joy, and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

f 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

f 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

267. HYMN 147. B. 1. L. M. Luton.

The Names and Titles of Christ, from several Scriptures.

['TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir, and partner of his throne.]

3 The *King of kings*, the *Lord most High*
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The *Lamb* resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And *Judah's Lion* tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and *Life for men;*
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the *Mediator's* part;
A *friend* and *brother* he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the *Judge* his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

268. HYMN 148. B. 1. H. M. or 6's & 8's. Zion.

The same.

f [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms Of majesty.

2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's Eternal Son
Inherits and Partakes the throne.]

3 The sovereign *King of kings*,
The *Lord of lords* most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd *The Word of God*;
He rules the earth With iron rod.

s 4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry *Lamb* resents
The injuries of his love:
Awakes his wrath Without delay,
As lions roar, And tear the prey.

p 5 But when for works of peace
The great *Redeemer* comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world, And *Life of men*!
Nor will he bear Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our *Immanuel's* heart,
When he descends to act
A *Mediator's* part:
He is a *friend* And *brother* too:
Divinely kind, Divinely true.

s 7 At length the Lord the *Judge*
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints Completely prove
The heights and depths Of all his love.

269. HYMN 149. B. 1. L. M. Antigua.

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set *Immanuel's* glory forth.

p 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The *Angel of the Covenant* stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.]

4 [Great *Prophet*, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.]

5 [My bright *example*, and my *guide*,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.]

6 [I love my *Shepherd*, he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

7 [My *Surety* undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

p 8 [*Jesus* my great *High-priest* has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[My *Advocate* appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

l 10 [My *Lord*, my *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

l 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The *Captain of Salvation* leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

l 12 Should death, and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

270. HYMN 150. B. 1. H. M. or 6's & 8's. Keen.
The same.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean To speak his worth,
Too mean to set My *Saviour* forth.

℣ 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy And wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an *angel* stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from His Father's throne
To make his grace To mortals known.]

4 [Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, And peace with heaven.

5 [Be thou my *counsellor*,
My *pattern* and my *guide;*
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek The crooked way.]

6 [I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, He calls their names
His bosom bears The tender lambs.]

7 [To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul At freedom set!
My Surety paid The dreadful debt.]

℣ 8 [Jesus my great *High-priest*
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood Did once atone;
And now it pleads Before the throne.]

9 [My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell Or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, His love away.

10 [My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; Behold I sit
In willing bonds Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint Shall win the day,
Though death and hell Obstruct the way.]

l 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on:
I shall be safe, For *Christ* displays
Superior power, And guardian grace

ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

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271. HYMN 62. B. 1. C. M. New-Haven.

Christ, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

p 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
l Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

l 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

272. HYMN 63. B. I. L. M. Pilesgrove.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with madness there.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

l 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
l Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

273. HYMN 1. B. 1. C. M. Devizes

A new Song to the Lamb that was slain.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise,
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book
And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

r 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

274. HYMN 25. B. 1. L. M. Castle-street.

A Vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

ALL mortal vanities, begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne:
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.

l 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
f Flies o'er the everlasting hills,
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the book, to loose the seals.]

f 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
'To be our teacher and our king!'

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favourites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

275. HYMN 49. B. 1. C. M. Winter.

The Works of Moses and the Lamb.

HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place:
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

f 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

276. HYMN 21. B. 2. L. M. Bath.

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove:
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

s 3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given:
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.

277. HYMN 79. B. 2. C. M. Stade.

Praise to the Redeemer.

p PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

p 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

f 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

f 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

f 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

278. HYMN 5. B. 2. L. M. Effingham.

Longing to praise Christ better.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and died
Sit glorious by his Father's side:

l 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

p 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these,
Falls far below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.*

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279. HYMN 144. B. 2. L. M. Duke-street.

The Effusion of the Spirit; or, the Success of the Gospel.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north;
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

f 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

FAITH.

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280. HYMN 140. B. 1. C. M. Limehouse.

A living and a dead Faith; collected from several Scriptures.

p MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

281. HYMN 112. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.

The Brazen Serpent; or, looking to Jesus.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 'Look upward in the dying hour,
'And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns:
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung
Look, and forget their pains.

p 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

282. HYMN 142. B. 2. S. M. Aylesbury.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

p 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree
And hopes her guilt was there.

f 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

283. HYMN 100. B. 1. L. M. Fountain.

Believe and be saved, John iii. 16—18.

NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

v 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

f 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

284. HYMN 35. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M. Costellow

Faith the Way to Salvation, Rom. i. 16.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

285. HYMN 125. B 2. L. M. Otis.

Faith and Repentance; Unbelief and Impenitence.

LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Wo to the soul that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

286. HYMN 129. B. 1. C. M. St. Ann's.

Faith of Things unseen.

f FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abrah'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

287. HYMN 129. B. 2. L. M. Vernon.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

f 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm by divine command
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

288. HYMN 162. B. 2. C. M. Arundel.

Meditation of Heaven; or, the Joy of Faith.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

289. HYMN 14. B. 1. L. M. Dunstan

Christ's unchangeable love.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

f 3 He lives, he lives, and sits above
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

f 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope.
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men or earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

FEAR AND HOPE.

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290. PSALM 119. 13th Part. C. M. Peterboro'.
Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

p 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

s 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threat'nings of thy word:
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

291. PSALM 42. 1—5. 1st Part. C. M. York.
Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of Absence from Public Worship.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
'And where's your God at last?'

p 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

p 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

f 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

292. PSALM 42. 2d Part. L. M. Limehouse.

Melancholy Thoughts reproved.

p MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heavenly rock,
'Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy words shall my best thoughts employ.
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

293. PSALM 77. 1st Part. C. M. Bangor.

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still opprest,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more:
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne:
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

294. PSALM 3. C. M. Walsal.

Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our Defence from Sin and Satan.

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

l 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,

Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear;
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

f 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

295. HYMN 34. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M. Rochester.

None excluded from Hope.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

296. HYMN 131. B. 1. L. M. Kingsbridge.

The Pharisee and the Publican.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands,
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

297. PSALM 131. C. M. London.

Humility and Submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

JOY AND REJOICING.

298. PSALM 18. 3d Part. L. M. Wareham.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, (and blessed be my rock!)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

299. HYMN 57. B. 2. L. M. Sterling.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

LORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

p 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

f 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on.
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight:

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

300. HYMN 73. B. 2. C. M. Bray.

Doubts scattered; or, spiritual Joys restored

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone
And leave me to my joys,
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain,
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

301. HYMN 59. B. 2. C. M. Bath Chapel.

Paradise on Earth.

GLORY to God who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne
That dust and worms may see t,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming Paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

f 6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

p 7 But, ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here!

f 9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

302. HYMN 30. B. 2. S. M. Silver-street.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

[COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favourites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

s 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

s 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.]

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

l 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanue 's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

303. PSALM 25. 2d Part. S. M. Ashford.

Divine Instruction.

WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

304. PSALM 119. 9th Part. C. M.

The Teachings of the Spirit with the Word.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

LIBERALITY.

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305. PSALM 37. 2d Part. C. M. Mear.

Charity to the Poor.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

306. PSALM 41. L. M. Martin's-lane

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

307. PSALM 112. L. P. M. Eaton.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

308. PSALM 112. L. M. Truro.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord;
Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

p 3 When time grows dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

l 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes

5 He hath dispers'd his arms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

309. PSALM 112. C. M. St. Martins.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

LOVE.

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310. HYMN 38. B. 2. C. M. York.

Love to God.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

f 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move,
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

f 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

311. HYMN 42. B. 2. C. M. London.

Delight in God.

MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

l 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
Do shout with joyful tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

l 4 While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing and mount on high:
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

p 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

p 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

312. HYMN 108. B. 1. S. M. Shirland.

Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

313. PSALM 133. C. M. St. Thomas.

Brotherly Love.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

314. HYMN 130. B. 1. L. M. Leyden.

Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

p 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

315. HYMN 126. B. 1. L. M. Wells

Charity and Uncharitableness.

NOT different food or different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord,
But peace and joy and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise
We do the gospel mighty wrong,
For God the gracious and the wise
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

316. HYMN 133. B. 1. C. M. Colchester.
Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.]

4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power,
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

317. PSALM 35. 2d Part. C. M. New York.
Love to Enemies; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners.

BEHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy David shows;
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd; and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin
Paid his own dearest blood.

318. PSALM 109. C. M. Brattle-street.

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

319. HYMN 134. B. 1. L. M. Rothwell.

Religion vain without Love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1—9.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

PRUDENCE.

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320. HYMN 36. B. 1. C. M. Abridge.
A lovely Carriage.

O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day:
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a heart as mine?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine.

321. PSALM 39. ver. 1, 2, 3. 1st Part. C. M. Bristol.
Watchfulness over the Tongue.

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
'Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
'Or do my neighbour wrong.'

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

p 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overaw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

REPENTANCE.

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322. HYMN 123. B. 1. C. M. Stephens.
The repenting Prodigal, Luke xv. 13, &c.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 'I die with hunger here, (he cries,)
'I starve in foreign lands,
'My father's house has large supplies,
'And bounteous are his hands.

3 'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
'Fall down before his face,
'Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
'Nor can deserve thy grace.'

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
(The father gives command,)
'Dress him in garments white and clean,
'With rings adorn his hand.

7 'A day of feasting I ordain,
'Let mirth and joy abound;
'My son was dead, and lives again,
'Was lost, and now is found.'

323. PSALM 51. 2d Part. C. M. Walsal.
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

p O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

f 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

p 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

324. HYMN 74. B. 2. S. M. Norwich.

Repentance from a Sense of Divine Goodness.

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays,
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men,
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

p 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh,
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

p 6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

325. HYMN 105. B. 2. C. M. Wantage.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, *Forbear;*
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
l Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

326. HYMN 106. B. 2. C. M. Windsor.

Repentance at the Cross.

OH, if my soul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs?
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

327. HYMN 9. B. 2. C. M. Stade.

Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in his own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

f 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

328. HYMN 101. B. 1. L. M. Portugal.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

RESIGNATION.

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329. PSALM 123. C. M. Martyrs.

Pleading with Submission.

O THOU whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

330. HYMN 129. B. 1. L. M. Luton.
Submission; or, Abraham offering his Son.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm with obedient hand
Led forth his Son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 'Abrah'm, forbear,' (the angel cried,)
'Thy faith is known, thy love is tried,
'Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
'Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.'

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

331. HYMN 5. B. 1. C. M. Funeral Hymn.
Submission to afflictive Providences, Job i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

f 5 If smiling mercy crowns our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

SINCERITY.

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332. HYMN 35. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M. Colchester
Truth, Sincerity, &c. Phil. iv. 8.

LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oath they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears;
They live the truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 While hypocrites and liars fly
Before the Judge's frown,
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
Receive th' immortal crown.

333. HYMN 136. B. 1. C. M. Piety.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, Formality in Worship.

GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear,
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

p 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

334. PSALM 50. 3d Part. L. M. Kimbolton.

Hypocrisy exposed.

THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

s 6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

335. PSALM 119. 3d Part. C. M. China.

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

p 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

336. PSALM 139. 3d Part. L. M. Quercy.

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried.

MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will,
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought:
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

337. PSALM 18. 2d Part. L. M. Putney.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin;

4 That sin which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will:
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it that it rise no more?

5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE.

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338. PSALM 62. L. M Antigua.

No Trust in Creatures; or, Faith in Divine Grace and Power.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke!

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All power is his eternal due:
'He must be fear'd and trusted too.'

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

339. HYMN 103. B. 1. C. M. Arlington

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

p 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

l 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ZEAL.

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340. HYMN 37. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M. Hartland

Zeal and Fortitude.

DO I believe what Jesus saith,
And think the gospel true!
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear
And works of praise fulfil.

3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God.

4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

PAUSE.

5 Are we the soldiers of the cross!
The followers of the Lamb!
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

6 Now we must fight if we would reign:
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

7 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

8 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ADDRESSES TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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341. HYMN 34. B. 2. C. M. Christmas.
Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion desired.

f COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

p 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?

f 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

342. HYMN 133. B. 2. L. M. Italy.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

f 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

343. HYMN 144. B. 1. C. M. Arlington.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven!
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

344. HYMN 23. B. 2. L. M. Newcourt.

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,

Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

f 5 O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

p 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

CHRISTIAN.

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345. PSALM 51. 1st Part. L. M. Limehouse.
A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

346. PSALM 25. 1st Part. S. M. Dover.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

p 2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

p 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

347. HYMN 48. B. 2. C. M. Hymn 2d.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

p HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

f 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

348. HYMN 41. B. 2. L M. Nantwich.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

[UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!]

p 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

s 6 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

349. HYMN 10. B. 2. C M. St. James

Parting with carnal Joys.

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more:
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from a throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there
To make our bliss complete.

f 6 Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

350. HYMN 1. B. 2. L. M. Carthage.

The same.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

p 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

f 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.

f 5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

351. PSALM 119. 15th Part. C. M. Irish.

Holy Resolutions.

O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

p 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

f 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear
Nor yield to sinful shame.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

352. HYMN 106. B. 1. S. M. **Sutton.**
Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ.

SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

l 2 Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

353. HYMN 81. B. 2. C. M. **Dundee.**
Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

p 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain!

p 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

l 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

354. HYMN 31. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M. **Barby.**
The hidden life of a Christian, Col. iii. 3.

O HAPPY soul! that lives on high;
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

355. HYMN 115. B. 2. C. M. London.

Mercies and Thanks.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

356. HYMN 140. B. 2. C. M. Hymn 2d.

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

p 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast ;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

f 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

357. HYMN 48. B. 1. L. M. Truro.

The Christian Race, Isa. xl. 28—31.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone :
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint—

l 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

f 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

358. HYMN 77. B. 2. L. M. Armley.

The Christian Warfare.

l [STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

3 [What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

f 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

359. PSALM 144. ver. 1, 2. 1st Part. C. M. Mear.
Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
l He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

360. PSALM 119. 17th Part. L. M. Plympto
Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.

p WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

361. PSALM 7. C. M. Colchester.
God's Care of his People.

MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,

As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.

p 3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

l 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control!
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

p 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains,
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;

l Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

362. PSALM 94. 2d Part. C. M. Baldwin.

God our Support and Comfort; or, Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.

WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

p 3 *Alas! my sliding feet*, I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,

Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

363. PSALM 16. 1—8. 1st Part. C. M. Corinth

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by 't;
The saints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy,
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death nor hell my hopes shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

364. PSALM 120. C. M. Ormond

A devout Wish for Peace.

THOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell

In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

365. PSALM 56. C. M. Arlington.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood; or, God's Care of his People.

p O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace!

2 The sons of violence and lies,
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

l 5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

p 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;

Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, 'How faithful is thy word!
'How righteous all thy ways!'

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death:
O set thy prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

366. PSALM 31. 2d Part. C. M. Marlow

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

p 2 'My life is spent with grief,' I cried,
'My years consum'd in groans,
'My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
'And sorrow wastes my bones.'

3 Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear, on every side,
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

367. PSALM 118. 1st Part. C. M. Dedham

Deliverance from a Tumult.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords me aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:

So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

f 6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs,
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

368. PSALM 143. L. M. Nantwich.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions of Mind and Body

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass,
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

v 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
f O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

369. PSALM 55. C. M. Rochester.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
my soul with guilt they load,

And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

p 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

p 4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

l 6 Vain hopes and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

370. HYMN 25. B. 2. C. M. Stamford.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move:

We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

p 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still?
And never act our parts?
f Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

f 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

371. HYMN 98. B. 2. C. M. Grafton.
Hardness of Heart complained of.

p MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

s 5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood,
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea:
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

372. PSALM 25. 3d Part. S. M. Olmutz.
Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

p MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near!

When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare!

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

373. HYMN 163. B. 2. C. M. Warwick.

Complaint of Desertion and Temptation.

p DEAR Lord, behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace
And let thy foes be slain.

2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
To slay our deadly foes;
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

374. PSALM 13. C. M. Medfield.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?

Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey?
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

375. HYMN 20. B. 2. C. M. Patmos.

Backslidings and Returns; or, Inconstancy.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go!

6 [Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.]

f 7 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

376. PSALM 13. L. M. Bath.

Pleading with God under Desertion.

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be denied?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

377. PSALM 119. 16th Part. C. M.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

378. PSALM 119. 12th Part. C. M. Dundee.
Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
'And make my comforts rise!'

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

379. PSALM 38. C. M. Grafton.
Guilt of Conscience and Relief.

AMID thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

p 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak, and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine ear counts every tear,
And every sigh and every groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

f 7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirits up
When Satan bids me die.

380. PSALM 107. 2d Part. L. M. Sharon

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same,
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

f 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

381. PSALM 4. L. M. Alfreton.

Hearing of Prayer; or, God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.

O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name!

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
'Who will bestow some earthly good?'
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

f 6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favour so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

382. PSALM 85. 1st Part. L. M. Duke-street.
Waiting for an Answer to Prayer.

LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

f 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

383. PSALM 51. 3d Part. L. M. Windham.
The Backslider restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:

Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

p 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

f 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

384. HYMN 95. B. 2. C. M. Walsal.

Look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn.

INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and jagged thorns
His sacred body bore!

3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns
In vain do I accuse,
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart; O burst, mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled wo.

385. PSALM 18. 1st Part. L. M. Leyden.

Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptations overcome.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence:
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

p 4 In my distress I call'd 'My God!'
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

f 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars that devils wage.

f 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour:
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

386. PSALM 40. 1st Part. C. M. Lynn.

A song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

l 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

387. PSALM 61. ver. 1—6. S. M. Frome.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

388. HYMN 50. B. 2. L. M. Hebron

Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.

NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

p 2 But, oh! it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown,
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

p 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast,
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will:
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

389. HYMN 102. B. 1. L. M. Winchester.

The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 2—12.

[BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]

2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8 [Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

390. HYMN 43. B. 1. 2d Part. L. M. Ralston.

The Christian Treasure, 1 Cor. iii. 21.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 All things are ours, the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood:
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great:
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

391. HYMN 53. B. 2. C. M. Stephens

The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven.

LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

6 [See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome travellers home.]

7 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

8 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,

Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

9 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

392. HYMN 100. B. 2. L. M. Medway.

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
s If God at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul *Depart!*

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid,
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

f 7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

9 [My God! and can an humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible! For thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

393. HYMN 54. B. 2. C. M. Lanesboro'.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers *I am his!*

f 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

l 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

394. PSALM 90. 3d Part. C. M. China.

Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face;

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servant show,
Make thy own work complete,
Then shall our soul thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

f 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

395. HYMN 65. B. 2. C. M. Irish.

The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

396. HYMN 117. B. 2. L. M. Castle-street.

Living and dying with God present.

I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

397. PSALM 1. L. M. Islington.

The difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves to employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.

6 'Straight is the way my saints have trod,
'I blest the path and drew it plain;
'But you would choose the crooked road,
'And down it leads to endless pain.'

398. PSALM 1. S. M. Pentonville

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

399. PSALM 119. 1st Part. C. M. Winter

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law!
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways,
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

400. PSALM 1. C. M. Baldwin.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

401. PSALM 37. 3d Part. C. M. Overton.

The same.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

402. PSALM 37. 1st Part. C. M. Geneva.

The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

p 2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

f 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

403. PSALM 94. 1st Part. C. M. Georgia.

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed.

O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, *The Lord nor sees nor hears;*
When will the fools be wise!
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

404. PSALM 11. L. M. Fountain.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

MY refuge is the God of love:
Why do my foes insult and cry,
'Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
'To distant woods or mountains fly?'

2 If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

s 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

405. PSALM 17. S. M. Oldford

Portion of Saints and Sinners.

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

p 2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

f 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

406. PSALM 17. L. M. Islington.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

p 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
f But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

l 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

p 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
l Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

407. PSALM 149. C. M. Arundel.

Praise God, all his Saints; Saints judging the World.

l ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
p The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

s 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

s 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel!
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners bound in chains
New triumph shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

408. HYMN 122. B. 2. L. M. Duke-street.
Retirement and Meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can call me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

p 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

409. PSALM 119. 2d Part. C. M. Ba by
Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedness.

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray:
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

p 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

410. PSALM 55. S. M. Watcomar.
Dangerous Prosperity; or, daily Devotion encouraged.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose their road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I'll seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

411. PSALM 26. L. M. Broadmead.

Self-examination; or, Evidences of Grace.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

412. PSALM 101. C. M. Braintree.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch, that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee:
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

413. PSALM 127. L. M. Castle-street.

Business and Comforts of Life enjoyed.

IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

f 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

414. PSALM 127. C. M. Medfield.

God all in all.

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

415. PSALM 128. C. M. Devizes.

Family blessings.

O HAPPY man whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 [Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.]

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

416. PSALM 133. S. M. Shirland.

Love and Worship in a Family.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

417. PSALM 133. S. P. M. or 6. 6. 8. Worship.

The Blessings of Friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, through all the room,
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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418. PSALM 122. C. M. Christmas.

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice

Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

419. PSALM 122. S. P. M. 6. 6. 8. Dalston.

The same.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
f Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest.
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

420. PSALM 134. C. M. Dublin.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace;

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

f 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

421. PSALM 89. 2d Part. C. M. London.
The Power and Majesty of God.

p WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thy arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face.

422. HYMN 103. B. 2. C. M. Victory.
Access to the throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

s 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd *consuming fire*,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by his Son;
l High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

l 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory be to th' eternal King
That lays his fury by.

423. HYMN 45. B. 2. L. M. Effingham.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But heavenly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

s 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

424. PSALM 84. 1st Part. L. M. Park-street.

The Pleasure of public Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

p 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And see thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

f 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

425. PSALM 84. 2d Part. L. M. Antigua

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

s 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

426. PSALM 84. C. M. Knaresboro'

Delight in Ordinances of Worship.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

p 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

427. PSALM 84. H. M. or 6's and 8's. Bethesda.
Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires, To see my God.

2 The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints, With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

f 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirits trusts Alone in thee.

428. HYMN 123. B. 2. L. M. Old Hundred

The Benefit of public Ordinances.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

p 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high,
And prayer brings down a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 [If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word ;
We gird the gospel-armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

p 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side ;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

429. PSALM 27. 1st Part. C. M. Victory.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;

God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

e 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

l 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

430. PSALM 27. 2d Part. C. M. York.

Prayer and Hope.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children, seek my grace;'
My heart replied, without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

p 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

f 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

431. PSALM 65. 1st Part. C. M. Peterboro'.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,

And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

s 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

432. PSALM 65. 1st Part. L. M. Peru.

Public Prayer and Praise.

THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

p 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

p 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee,
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

433. PSALM 116. v. 12, &c. 2d Part. C. M. Irish.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!

How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

434. HYMN 145. B. 2. C. M. St. Martins.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

I LOVE the windows of thy grace
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

2 O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

LORD'S DAY.

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435. PSALM 5. C. M. Colchester.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;

I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

436. PSALM 19. 1st Part. S. M. Dover.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

f 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where his salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace past
So much allures the sight.

l 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

437. PSALM 19. 2d Part. S. M. Peckham

God's Word most excellent.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

p 7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

l 8 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

438. PSALM 63. 1st Part. C. M. Lanesboro'.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,

Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

439. PSALM 63. L. M. Leyden

Longing after God.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy Son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford?
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

440. PSALM 63. S. M. Shirland

Seeking God.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

f 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

441. HYMN 14. B. 2. S. M. Dover

The Lord's Day.

p WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

s 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

442. PSALM 92. 1st Part. L. M. Green's 100th.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound:

l 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

p 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

f 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

443. HYMN 72. B. 2. C. M. Swanwick.

The Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning ray
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

l 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King,
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

444. PSALM 118. 4th Part. C. M. Dundee.
Hosanna; the Lord's Day; or, Christ's Resurrection.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace:
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

445. PSALM 118. S. M. Milbury.
An Hosanna for the Lord's Day.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

l 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

446. PSALM 118. L. M. Luton.

The same.

LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise

BEFORE PRAYER.

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447. PSALM 99. 2d Part. S. M. Lowell

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race:
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

448. PSALM 95. C. M. St. Sebastian.

A Psalm before Prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand,
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

p 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

p 6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

BEFORE SERMON.

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449. PSALM 95. S. M. Silver-street.

A Psalm before Sermon.

COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;

Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

s 6 The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
'You that despise my promis'd rest
Shall have no portion there.'

450. PSALM 95. L. M. Sterling.

A Warning to delaying Sinners.

COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, 'How false they prove!
'Forget my power, abuse my love:
'Since they despise my rest, I swear
'Their feet shall never enter there.'

s 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

f 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

451. HYMN 165. B. 2. C. M. Addison.

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified Affections.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

p 4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success,
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

AFTER SERMON.

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452. PSALM 150. ver. 1, 2, 6. C. M. Addison.
A Song of Praise.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals:
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

453. HYMN 135. B. 1. L. M. Rothwell.
The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

THE WORLD.

454. HYMN 101. B. 2. C. M. Hopkinton

The World's three chief Temptations.

WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

f 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

455. HYMN 146. B. 2. L. M. Munich.

The Vanity of Creatures; or, no Rest on Earth.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind,
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place but keep the pain.

s 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

456. HYMN 56. B. 2. C. M. Plymouth.

The Misery of being without God in this World.

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod,
Well they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you
To mow your glory down.

s 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

457. PSALM 73. L. M. Dresden.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

s 2 But oh their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

f 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

458. HYMN 164. B. 2. C. M. Wantage.
The End of the World.

WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour.
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

THE JEWISH CHURCH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES.

459. PSALM 105. C. M. Winter
God's Conduct of Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'am and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 'Thy seed shall make all nations blest,'
(Said the Almighty voice.)
'And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
'The type of heavenly joys.'

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 'Touch mine anointed, and my arm
'Shall soon revenge the wrong:
'The man that doth my prophets harm,
'Shall know their God is strong.'

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE.

9 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground:
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

10 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

11 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

12 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

13 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoyed their rest.

14 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

460. PSALM 81. S. M. Margate.

The Warnings of God to his People; or, Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour-God,
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 'From vile idolatry
'Preserve my worship clean;
'I am the Lord who set thee free
'From slavery and sin.

3 'Stretch thy desires abroad,
'And I'll supply them well;
'But if ye will refuse your God,
'If Israel will rebel,

4 'I'll leave them,' saith the Lord,
'To their own lusts a prey,
'And let them run the dangerous road;
''Tis their own chosen way.

5 'Yet, O! that all my saints
'Would hearken to my voice!
'Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
'And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 'While I destroy their foes,
'I'd richly feed my flock,
'And they should taste the stream that flows
'From their eternal rock.'

461. PSALM 78. 2d Part. C. M. Bedford.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, the Sins and Chastisements of God's People.

O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high
And dar'd distrust his hand;
'Can he with bread our host supply,
'Amidst this desert land?'

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;

His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

462. PSALM 78. 3d Part. C. M. Archdale.

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance.

WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murmuring language said,
'Manna is all our feast;
'We loathe this light, this airy bread;
'We must have flesh to taste.'

Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,'
The Lord in wrath replied;
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire:
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burn'd with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

463. PSALM 107. 3d Part. L. M. Kingsbridge.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

p 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat

Nature, with heavy loads oppress,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No medicine could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

f 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

464. PSALM 78. 4th Part. L. M. Averno.

Sin punished and Saints saved.

GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

465. PSALM 106. 2d Part. S. M. Lisbon.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God unchangeable.

GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!

And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provok'd the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

p 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes:
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

f 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

166. PSALM 129. C. M. Arunde.

Persecutors punished.

UP from my youth, may Israel say
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

s 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky:
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

467. PSALM 135. 2d Part. L. M. Blendon.
Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar:
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharoah's slave!

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

468. PSALM 136. C. M. New York.
God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Redemption.

GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord:
His mercies still endure!
And be the King of kings ador'd;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine!

s 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led;
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might,
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways!

And brought his saints through desert ground;
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promised land,
And faithful is his word.]

p 8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our wo;
(His goodness never fails;)
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

f 10 Give thanks to God the Heavenly King;
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

469. PSALM 136. 6's & 8's. Southbury.

The same.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His power and grace Are still the same
And let his name Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure;
And ever sure Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace Are still the same;
And let his name Have endless praise.

4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead:
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure Abides thy word.

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace Are still the same
And let his name Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure;
And ever sure Abides thy word.

470. PSALM 77. 2d Part. C. M. Windsor.
Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

'HOW awful is thy chastening rod!'
(May thy own children say,)
'The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
'How holy is his way!'

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

s 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice with terror in the sound
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

471. PSALM 114. L. M. Monmouth.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand,

4 What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

s 5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

l 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

472. HYMN 124. B. 2. C. M. Barby.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died
Short of the promis'd land.

f 5 Israel, rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The Ruler and the Priest.

* Joshua, *the same with* Jesus, *and signifies a Saviour.*

473. PSALM 107. 1st Part. L. M. Antigua.
Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

p 5 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round.
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

l 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE SETTLEMENT AND BEAUTY OF A CHURCH.

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474. PSALM 15. C. M. Medfield
Characters of a Saint; or, a Citizen of Zion.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

475. Psalm 15. L. M. New Haven.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth.

WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

476. PSALM 24. C. M. Piety.

Dwelling with God.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near.

5 The King of Glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might!
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

477. PSALM 132. C. M.

A Church established.

[NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;

Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his courts maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honour shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

478. PSALM 132. L. M. Truro.

At the Settlement of a Church; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

479. PSALM 118. 3d Part. C. M. Mear.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood.
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

480. PSALM 45. 2d Part. L. M. Antigua

Christ and his Church; or, the mystical Marriage.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

f 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

l 6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

481. PSALM 45. S. M. Silver-street.

The Glory of Christ; and Success of the Gospel.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword

And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

482. PSALM 87. L. M. Duke-street.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.

GOD in his earthy temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

483. PSALM 92. 2d Part. L. M. **Luton.**

The Church is the Garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

484. PSALM 48. 1st Part. S. M. **Dover.**

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

[GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great,
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

6 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

485. PSALM 48. 2d Part. S. M. **Peckham.**

The Beauty of the Church; Gospel Worship.

FAR as thy name is known
The word declares thy praise;

Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

f 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

s 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

486. HYMN 152. C. M. Arlington.

Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God the judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

THE CHURCH'S AFFLICTIONS, PERSECUTIONS, AND COMPLAINTS.

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487. PSALM 80. L. M. Surry.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

s 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

p 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

488. PSALM 44. C. M. Irish

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;

Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

f 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

p 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given;

6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

p 7 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off?
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

l 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God!
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

489. PSALM 74. C. M. Barby.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;

Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar:
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

p 5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
'Come, let us burn at once,' they cry,
'The temple and the priest.'

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted sings of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers do mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd!
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand.

11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

490. PSALM 83. S. M. Watchman.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy:

4 'Come, let us join,' they cry,
'To root them from the ground,
'Till not the name of saints remain,
'Nor memory shall be found.'

5 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in same.

s 7 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

491. PSALM 35. 1st Part. C. M. Windsor.

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints.

NOW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

s 2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
'I am thy Saviour God.'

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,

Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surpassing grace.

l 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

492. PSALM 14. 2d Part. C. M. Medfield.

The Folly of Persecutors.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God, confound their pride.

l 4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

493. PSALM 53. C. M. Baldwin.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

ARE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

s 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first dispers'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

f 4 O for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

THE SAFETY, DELIVERANCE, AND TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH.

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194. PSALM 135. 1st Part. L. M. Monmouth.
The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

p 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod!
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known, *Th' almighty God.*

f 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

195. HYMN 38. B. 1. C. M. Irish.
God's tender Care of his Church.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song.
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

5 'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
'And mothers monsters prove,
'Sion still dwells upon the heart
'Of everlasting Love.

6 'Deep on the palms of both my hands
'I have engrav'd her name;
'My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
'And build her broken frame.'

496. HYMN 8. B. 1. C. M. Mear.

The Safety and Protection of the Church.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace;

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 [What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low,
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.]

7 [On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour,
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

497. HYMN 64. B. 2. L. M. Bath

God the Glory and Defence of Sion.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

p 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

f 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

198. HYMN 18. B. 2. L. M. Islington.

The Ministry of Angels.

HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 'Go,' saith the Lord, 'my Gabriel, go,
'Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
'Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
'Sing and proclaim the Saviour's come.

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands:
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wandering church below,
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

199. PSALM 46. 1st Part. L. M. Luton.

The Church's Safety and Triumph.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

l 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

p 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

500. PSALM 46. 2d Part. L. M. Old Hundred
God fights for his Church.

LET Sion in her King rejoice.
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise:
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
p Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

p 5 'Be still, and learn that I am God,
'I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
'I will be known and fear'd abroad,
'But still my throne in Sion stands.'

s 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

501. HYMN 28. B. 1. C. M. Sunday
The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church, Isa. lxiii. 1—3.

WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

s 2 The glory of his robe proclaims
'Tis some victorious king:
'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
That your salvation bring.'

3 'Why, mighty Lord,' thy saints inquire,
'Why thine apparel red?
'And all thy vesture stain'd like those
'Who in the wine-press tread?'

4 'I by myself have trod the press,
'And crush'd my foes alone,
'My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
'My fury stamp'd them down.

5 ''Tis Edom's blood that dies my robes
'With joyful scarlet stains,
'The triumph that my raiment wears
'Sprung from their bleeding veins.

f 6 'Thus shall the nations be destroyed
'That dare insult my saints,
'I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
'An ear for their complaints.'

502. HYMN 29. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.

The Ruin of Antichrist, Isa. lxiii. 4—7.

'I LIFT my banners,' saith the Lord,
'Where Antichrist has stood,
'The city of my gospel-foes
'Shall be a field of blood.

2 'My heart has studied just revenge,
'And now the day appears,
'The day of my redeem'd is come
'To wipe away their tears.

3 'Quite weary is my patience grown,
'And bids my fury go;
p 'Swift as the lightning it shall move,
'And be as fatal too.

4 'I call for helpers, but in vain;
'Then has my gospel none?
'Well, mine own arm has might enough
'To crush my foes alone.

5 'Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
'Shall walk the streets around,
'Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
'And stagger to the ground.'

s 6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.

503. HYMN 56. B. 1. C. M. St. Martin's.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

s 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

504. HYMN 58. B. 1. L. M. Blendon.

The Devil vanquished.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of the Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
l Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

f 6 Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
l Raise your Deliverer's name on high.

505. HYMN 59. B. 1. L. M. Arnheim.

Babylon fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
'Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
'God shall avenge your long complaints.'

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sank the millstone in the flood:
'Thus terribly shall Babel fall:
'Thus, and no more, be found at all.'

CHURCH MEETINGS.

506. PSALM 126. C. M. Archdale.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 'Great is the work,' my neighbours cried,
And own'd thy power divine;
'Great is the work,' my heart replied,
'And be the glory thine.'

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

507. PSALM 126. L. M. Portugal.

Surprising Deliverance.

WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

508. PSALM 34. 1st Part. L. M. Wells.
God's Care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

l 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name,
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

p 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

f 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word!

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

509. PSALM 34. 1st Part. C. M. Colchester.
Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise!

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sinner cried,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

p 3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

p 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE. Peterboro

m 5 [O, sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,

And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood:
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

510. PSALM 66. 2d Part. C. M. Dundee.

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power.
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

f 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

p 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

p 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

f 5 But God (his name be ever blest)
Hath set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

511. PSALM 106. L. M. Truro.

Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

l TO God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;

And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

f 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

512. PSALM 102. 2d Part. C. M.
Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour
p Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

f 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said, 'That praying breath
'Was ever spent in vain.'

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHURCH;

OR,

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

513. PSALM 72. 1st Part. L. M. Monmouth.
The Kingdom of Christ.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands.
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

f 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

514. PSALM 72. 2d Part. L. M. Antigua

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold the Islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

f 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:

In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

l 8 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

515. PSALM 45. C. M. Milton.

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

p 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

l 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice:
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

516. PSALM 45. 1st Part. L. M. New Sabbath.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour-king,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace.
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

s 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword:
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
p Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;

Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

517. PSALM 110. 1st Part. L. M. Effingham.

Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted.

THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, 'Ascend and sit
'At my right hand, till I shall make
'Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 'From Zion shall thy word proceed,
'Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
'Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
'And bow their wills to thy command.

3 'That day shall show thy power is great,
'When saints shall flock with willing minds,
'And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
'Where holiness in beauty shines.'

l 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

518. PSALM 110. 2d Part. L. M. Bath.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore,
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'And change from hand to hand no more.

2 'Aaron and all his sons must die;
'But everlasting life is thine,
'To save for ever those that fly
'For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 'By me Melchisedek was made
'On earth a king and priest at once;
'And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
'And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.'

4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

519. PSALM 110. C. M. St. Asaph's.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'When Aaron is no more.

4 'Melchisedek, that wondrous priest,
'That king of high degree,
'That holy man who Abrah'm blest,
'Was but a type of thee.'

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

520. HYMN 50. B. 1. C. M. Swanwick.

The Song of Zacharias.

NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

3 John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love
In its own glory shines.

p 5 'Behold the Lamb of God, (he cries,)
'That takes our guilt away;
'I saw the Spirit o'er his head
'On his baptizing day.]

6 'Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
'Sink every mountain low,
'The proud must stoop, and humble souls
'Shall his salvation know.

7 'The heathen realms with Israel's land
'Shall join in sweet accord;
'And all that's born of man shall see
'The glory of the Lord.

f 8 'Behold the morning-star arise,
'Ye that in darkness sit;
'He marks the path that leads to peace,
'And guides our doubtful feet.'

521. HYMN 21. B. 1. C. M. Northfield.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
'Of your descending King.

4 'The God of glory down to men
'Removes his blest abode,
'Men the dear objects of his grace,
'And he the loving God.

5 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
'From every weeping eye,
'And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
'And death itself shall die.'

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

522. PSALM 117. C. M. Peterboro'.

Praise to God from all Nations.

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;

In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

523. PSALM 117. L. M. Blendon

The same.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

524. PSALM 117. S. M. Silver-street.

The same.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

BAPTISM.

525. L. M.

Baptism.

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine;
Oh teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
We joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
3 We're plung'd beneath the mystic flood
Oh plunge us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee beneath the yielding wave.
4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

526. HYMN 122. B. 1. L. M.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

527. C. M.

Baptism.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam,
That hush'd the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hover'd o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Ye thoughts of earth, be far away,
Ye bosoms, be serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy—
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

528. S. M.

The same.

SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm unwavering zeal
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favoured feet are led;—

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

529.

S. M.

The same.

DOWN to the sacred wave,
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came, our souls to save,
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fix'd the holy rite;
He bade his ransom'd ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 The Holy Ghost came down
The baptism to approve;
The ordinance of Christ to crown
And stamp it with his love.

4 Dear Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

530.

C. M.

The same.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign;

3 Now, blest Redeemer, we to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

531.

S. M.

The same.

COME and behold the place,
Where once your Saviour lay;
Confess that he is Lord of all,
And humble homage pay.

2 Laid in the watery grave,
He quickly rose again;
Buried with him, we too shall rise,
And endless life obtain.

3 Now may the Spirit crown,
With tokens of his grace,
The solemn service of this day,
And bid us go in peace.

532. L. M.

The same.

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine;
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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533. HYMN 1. B. 3. L. M. Lime-house.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 'This is my body, broke for sin,
'Receive, and eat the living food:'
Then took the cup, and blest the wine;
''Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 'Do this (he cried) till time shall end,
'In memory of your dying friend:
'Meet at my table, and record
'The love of your departed Lord.'

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

534. HYMN 2. B. 3. S. M. Shirland.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts,
Of the same broken bread;
One body with its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

l 6 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

535. HYMN 3. B. 3. C. M. St. Mary's

The New Testament in the blood of Christ.

'THE promise of my Father's love
'Shall stand for ever good;'
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

f 3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

p 5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his Testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

536. HYMN 4. B. 3. C. M. Windsor.
Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]

3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

p 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

v 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt.
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

537. HYMN 5. B. 3. C. M. Coventry
Christ the Bread of Life.

LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies:
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come:
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

538. HYMN 6. B. 3. L. M. Addison.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

539. HYMN 7. B. 3. L. M. Munich

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
p Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

540. HYMN 8. B. 3. C. M. Kingston.

The Tree of Life.

COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

p 2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshment here ye found
From this immortal food!

3 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

4 [Hovering amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet Celestial Dove:
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 'Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

f 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapons stand,
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.]

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

541. HYMN 9. B. 3. S. M. Fairfield.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood, 1 John v.6

[LET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

f 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God:
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood:
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he our priest atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

l 6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

p 7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our want supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

542. HYMN 10. B. 3. L. M. Fountain.

Christ crucified; the Wisdom and Power of God

NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

p 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

l 6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

543. HYMN 11. B. 3. C. M. Woodland.

Pardon brought to Our Senses.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are;
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that 'I am his,
'And my Beloved's mine.'

3 'Here,' (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,)
'See here the spring of all your joys,
'That open'd when I died.'

4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
'All this,' he says, 'I bore for thee,'
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 [Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

l 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.

544. HYMN 12. B. 3. L. M. Islington

The Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above,
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast,
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh,
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wanderers back to God.

6 It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

545. HYMN 13. B. 3. C. M. Mear.

Divine Love making a Feast.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of his stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
'Lord, why was I guest?

4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room?
'When thousands make a wretched choice,
'And rather starve than come.']

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come,
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

546. HYMN 14. B. 3. L. M. **Dresden.**

The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28.

NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

f 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his,
Our souls still waiting to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

f 5 He is our light; our morning Star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

547. HYMN 15. B. 3. C. M. **Barby.**

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

[THE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung.

2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
But double blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.]

4 Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends,
'Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries,)
'And drink salvation, friends.

5 ['My flesh is food and physic too,
'A balm for all your pains;
'And the red streams of pardon flow
'From these my pierced veins.']

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feast.]

548. HYMN 16. B. 3. C. M. Wantage

The Agonies of Christ.

NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hopes he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

p 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

l 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;

Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

549. HYMN 17. B. 3. S. M. Little Marlborough.
The Flesh and Blood of Christ.

[WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things,
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food,
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

p 6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word
With pleasure in his face.

f 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King,
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

l 8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

550. HYMN 18. B. 3. L. M. Shoel.
The same.

JESUS, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;

In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

f 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless :
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

551. HYMN 19. B. 3. L. M. Bowen.

Glory in the Cross ; or, not ashamed of Christ.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

f 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

552. HYMN 20. B. 3. C. M. Arundel.

The Provisions for the Table of our Lord.

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice ;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd,
They spread new life through every heart
And cheer the drooping mind.

l 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine,

Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this,
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

553. HYMN 21. B. 3. C. M. Winter.

The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory.

[COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

3 Jesus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face
How kind his smiles appear!
And O, what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

5 'For you, the children of my love,
'It was for you I died,
'Behold my hands, behold my feet,
'And look into my side.

6 'These are the wounds for you I bore,
'The tokens of my pains,
'When I came down to free your souls
'From misery and chains.

7 ['Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
'And plung'd it in my heart:
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
'And most tormenting smart.

8 'When hell and all its spiteful powers
'Stood dreadful in my way,
'To rescue those dear lives of yours
'I gave my own away.

9 'But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
'I ruin'd Satan's throne;
'High on my cross I hung, and spied
'The monster tumbling down.

10 'Now you must triumph at my feast,
'And taste my flesh, my blood;
'And live eternal ages blest,
'For 'tis immortal food.'

s 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine!
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

l 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

554. HYMN 22. B. 3. L. M. Germany

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

f OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.

Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws:
He from the threatening set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross
And nail'd the curses to the tree.

s 4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood;
Blest fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

555. HYMN 23. B. 3. C. M. Dundee

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

[SITTING around our Father's board
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 O 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

556. HYMN 24. B. 3. C. M. **Plymouth.**

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup:
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God;
Drest in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

f 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

f 5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast:
We love the memory of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

557. HYMN 25. B. 3. C. M. **Staughton.**

Divine Glories and our Graces.

HOW are thy glories here display'd!
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

s 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die:
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

558. HYMN 66. B. 1. L. M. Sabaoth.
Christ the King at his Table.

LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin-souls to meet thy face.

Jesus, allure me by thy charms;
My soul shall fly into thine arms:
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

f 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises, and our joys:
Our memory keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

p 7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me:
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

559. HYMN 67. B. 1. L. M. Atlantic.
Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

560. HYMN 68. B. 1. L. M. Park-street.

The Banquet of Love.

BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

p 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stood the banquet of his grace,
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

f 5 With living bread and generous wine
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts, how kind they be.]

6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

561. HYMN 69. B. 1. L. M. Wells

Christ appearing to his Church.

THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds,
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now through the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

p 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue:
'Rise (saith my Lord) make haste away,
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 'The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
'The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
'The sacred turtle-dove we hear
'Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 'Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
'Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit;'
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
f Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

562. HYMN 70. B. 1. L. M. Effingham.

Christ inviting, and the Church answering.

[HARK, the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

m 2 'My dove, who hidest in the rock,
'Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
'Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
'And let thy voice delight mine ear:

p 3 'Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
'My graces in thy countenance meet;
'Though the vain world thy face despise,
''Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.'

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives;
l To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and that of praise.]

5 [I am my love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,

Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

563. HYMN 71. B. 1. L. M. Luton.

Christ found in the Street, and brought to the Church.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight?'

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come,
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

564. HYMN 72. B. 1. L. M. Brentford.

The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church, Sol. Song, iii. 11.

DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

f 4 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 O let each minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

l 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

565. HYMN 73. B. 1. L. M. Wareham

The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ.

p KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word:
'Lo, thou art fair, my love,' he cries,
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2 '[Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
'Salutes mine ear with secret joys,
'No spice so much delights the smell,
'Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]

3 'Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
'I will behold no spot in thee.'
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

p 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces, and his righteousness.

f 5 'My sister, and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart with various ties,
'Thy powerful love my heart detains
'In strong delight and pleasing chains.'

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Sion where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Not dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

566. HYMN 74. B. 1. L. M. Bath.

The Church the Garden of Christ.

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all the springs in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour-God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

5 [Let my Beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
'I come, my spouse, I come,' he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 'Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
'The blessings that thy Father sends;
'Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
'And drink abundance of my love.'

f 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

567. HYMN 75. B. 1. L. M. Portugal.

The Description of Christ the Beloved.

THE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
'What are his charms,' say they, 'above
'The objects of a mortal love?'

2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs:
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

p 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound;

His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.]

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

568. HYMN 76. B. 1. L. M. Surry.

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best-beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.]

569. HYMN 77. B. 1. L. M. Castle-street.

The Love of Christ to the Church.

NOW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
'How fair my saints are in my sight!
'My love how pleasant for delight!'

p 2 Kind is thy language, Sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

f 4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In paradise within the gates
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed but thirst no more.

570. HYMN 78. B. 1. L. M. Windham.

The Strength of Christ's Love.

[WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood:
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]

3 'O let my name engraven stand,
'Both on thy heart, and on thy hand:
'Seal me upon thine arm; and wear
'That pledge of love for ever there.

4 'Stronger than death thy love is known,
'Which floods of wrath could never drown;
'And hell and earth in vain combine
'To quench a fire so much divine.

5 'But I am jealous of my heart,
'Lest it should once from thee depart;
'Then let thy name be well imprest
'As a fair signet on my breast.

6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
'Where fears and doubts can never come,
'Thy countenance let me often see,
'And often thou shalt hear from me.

f 7 'Come, my Beloved, haste away
'Cut short the hours of thy delay,
'Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
'Over the hills where spices grow.'

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

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571. HYMN 79. B. 1. L. M. Duke-street.

A Morning Hymn.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

p 4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.]

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

572. HYMN 6. B. 2. C. M. Peterboro'.

A Morning Song.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

n 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

s 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

573. PSALM 3. L. M. Shoel.

A Morning Psalm.

O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

p 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

574. HYMN 81. B. 1. L. M. Sabaoth.

A Song for Morning or Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

575. PSALM 141. ver. 2—5. L. M. Green's 100th.
A Morning or Evening Psalm.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

p 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

576. HYMN 8. B. 2. C. M. Braintree.
A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand,
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word;
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day,
For death stands ready at the door
To snatch our lives away.

s 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, Immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

f 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings:
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

577. HYMN 80. B. 1. L. M. Eaton
An Evening Hymn.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;

And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

s 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

578. HYMN 7. B. 2. C. M. Stevens.

An Evening Song.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise!
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 [Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But, oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul!
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

p 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

579. PSALM 4. C. M. Arlington.
An Evening Psalm.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

580. PSALM 139. 3d Part. C. M. Mear.
The Mercies of God innumerable.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

s 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

p 3 These on my heart by night I keep:
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

581. PSALM 63. 2d Part. C. M. Wantage.
Midnight Thoughts recollected.

'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road:
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;

f My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

s 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

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582. PSALM 65. 3d Part. C. M. Winter.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

f 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

583. PSALM 65. 2d Part. C. M. London.

The Blessing of Rain.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;

Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

584. PSALM 147. 2d Part. L. M. Antigua

Summer and Winter.

LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
'For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
'And glorious is the work of praise.'

2 Our children are secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

s 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.

6 Through all our land his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: Praise ye the Lord.

585. PSALM 147. 7—18. C. M. Wint.

The Seasons of the Year.

l WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

p 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;

He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

s 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintery days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

s 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

f 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
l With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

586. PSALM 29. L. M. Arnheim.

Storm and Thunder.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

l 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

s 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

s 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

s 5 The Lord sits sovereign o'er the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

n 6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

587. HYMN 62. B. 2. C. M. Bray

God the Thunderer; or, the last Judgment.

SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore,
Let death and hell through all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.

s 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

s 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do;
He once defied the Lord,
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

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588. PSALM 8. 1st Part. L. M. Truro.

The Hosanna of the Children.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

589. PSALM 34. 2d Part. L. M. Weils.

Religious Education.

CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

p 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

p 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

590. PSALM 34. 2d Part. C. M. Bristol.

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust
The God of grace is nigh.

p 4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

591. HYMN 23. B. 1. 2d Part. L. M. Windham

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.

MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
(A modest, sober, lovely youth,)
And thought he wanted nothing now?

3 But mark the change! thus spake the Lord,
'Come, part with earth for heaven to-day;'
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure;
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure!

5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear?
Are life and heaven so cheaply sold?

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion govern me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

592. HYMN 91. B. 1. L. M. Fulton.

Advice to Youth.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God,
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, *My joys are gone.*

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am:
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

593. HYMN 89. B. 1. L. M. **Wareham.**

Youth and Judgment, Eccl. xi. 9.

YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delight your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults,
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

s 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

594. HYMN 90. B. 1. C. M. **Lenox.**

The same.

LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires,
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

s 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

595. PSALM 90. 2d Part. C. M. **Mear.**

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin.

LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,

Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten:
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

s 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

f 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

596. PSALM 71. 1st Part. C. M. Dundee.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise:
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days.
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

597. PSALM 71. 3d Part. C. M. York.

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

p 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE. Bangor.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief,
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

c 8 When I lie buried in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care:
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS, &c.

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598. PSALM 10. C. M. Overton.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved.

WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face;
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

599. PSALM 12. C. M. Cambridge.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners.

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
'Are not our lips our own,' they cry,
'And who shall be our Lord?'

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

600. PSALM 12. L. M. Islington.

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times.

LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away;
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse when neighbours meet
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips, that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

4 'Yet shall our words be free,' they cry;
'Our tongues shall be controll'd by none
'Where is the Lord will ask us why?
'Or say, our lips are not our own?'

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though when the vilest men have power
On every side will sinners swarm.

601. PSALM 60. C. M. Rochester.

Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 Our country shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threatening hand;
O heal the people thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

602. PSALM 20. L. M. Blendon.

For a Day of Prayer in time of War.

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when Zion calls.

p 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

f 6 [O! may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

603. HYMN 30. B. 1. L. M. Angels' Hymn.

Prayer for Deliverance answered.

IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace,
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

s 4 Hark, the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.

p 5 Come, children, to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

l 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

604. HYMN 1. B. 2. L. M. Old Hundred.

A Song of Praise to God.

NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing,
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]

4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]

5 [This western clime, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]

s 6 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name:
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

f l 8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ,
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
p Faint in the worship and the praise.

605. PSALM 144. 3d Part. L. M. Shoel.

Grace above Riches; or, the Happy Nation.

HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

606. PSALM 67. C. M. Winter.

The Nation's Prosperity and the Church's Increase.

SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our States exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favour'd land.]

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

fl 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice:
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

f 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

607. PSALM 107. Last Part. L. M. Monmouth.

Nations blest and punished.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their rulers die by barbarous hands.

p 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

p 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes the cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

f 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few, with pious care, record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

608. HYMN 111. B. 2. C. M. Braintree.

Thanksgiving for Victory; or, God's Dominion.

ZION rejoice, and Judah sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Come let us own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

609. PSALM 18. 1st Part. C. M. Arundel

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

f 2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

s 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

f 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

s 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look.
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there his name's forgot:
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own church's sake:
The powers that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.]

610. PSALM 18. 2d Part. C. M. Victory.

The Conqueror's Song.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol-saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
'Must death for ever rage and reign?
'Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 'Where is thy promise to the just?
'Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?'
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honours of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

672. PSALM 89. L. P. M. St. Helen's

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
'The race of man was only made
'For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

673. PSALM 16. 3d Part. L. M. Islington.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
f Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave

My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

674. HYMN 110. B. 2. S. M. Aylesbury

Triumphing over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

p AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

p 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

f 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
l Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

675. HYMN 102. B. 2. L. M. Dresden

A happy Resurrection.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, withering limbs of mine.

p 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

f 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

p 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

f 5 [Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

676. HYMN 65. B. 1. L. M. Winchelsea.
The World become the Kingdom of our Lord.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

677. PSALM 97. 1st Part. L. M. Old Hundred.
Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

s 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs,

Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
f Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

678. HYMN 107. B. 2. C. M. Woodland.

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart?*

s 3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

4 [What! to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

p 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

8 Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

679. PSALM 9. 1st Part. C. M. Bray

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne

To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

680. HYMN 45. B. 1. C. M. Arundel

The last Judgment.

SEE, where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 ['I am the First and I the Last,
'Through endless years the same;
I AM is my memorial still,
'And my eternal name.

3 'Such favours as a God can give
'My royal grace bestows;
'Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
'Where life and pleasure flows.]

4 ['The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
'I'll own him for a son,
'The whole creation shall reward
'The conquests he has won.

5 'But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
'And all the lying race,
'The faithless and the scoffing crew,
'That spurn at offer'd grace;

6 'They shall be taken from my sight,
'Bound fast in iron chains,
'And headlong plung'd into the lake
'Where fire and darkness reigns.']

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

8 May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

681. PSALM 50. 1st Part. C. M. London.

The last Judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
'Judgment will ne'er begin;'
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'Whose peace is made with God
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood.

6 'Their faith and works brought forth to light,
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore my grace.'

682. PSALM 50. 3d Part. C. M. St. Ann's.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 'Not for the want of bullocks slain
'Will I the world reprove;
'Altars and rites and forms are vain,
'Without the fire of love.

3 'And what have hypocrites to do
'To bring their sacrifice?
'They call my statutes just and true,
'But deal in theft and lies.

4 'Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
'And sin without control?
'But I shall bring your crimes to light,
'With anguish in your soul.'

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

683. PSALM 50. Acceptance.

The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north,
From east to west the sounding orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead;
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

2 Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh!
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;
'But gather first my saints,' (the Judge commands,)
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 'Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new:
'There's no distinction here: come, spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my sons.

4 'I, their Almighty Saviour and their God,
'I am their judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
'Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
'I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 'Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
'But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
'And cherish such an impious thought within,
'That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
'Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
'And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.'

6 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

684. PSALM 50. 10's. Judgment.

The last Judgment.

THE God of Glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles! heaven rejoices
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold, the judge descends; his guards are nigh!
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him:

3 'Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
'To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
'But gather first my saints,' the Judge commands,
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands:
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

4 'Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new:'
There's no distinction here: join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 'Here,' saith the Lord, 'ye angels, spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my sons:
'Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
'Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward:'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion:
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

685. HYMN 44. B. 2. L. M. Costellow.
Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dipp'd in the blood of damned souls.]

4 [There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thine hands.']

p 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

s 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

686. HYMN 105. B. 1. C. M. Peterboro'.

Heaven invisible and holy.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come,
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

687. HYMN 86. B. 2. C. M. Samos.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

OUR sins, alas, how strong they be,
And like a violent sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move,
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

f 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

688. HYMN 40. B. 1. L. M. Newcourt.

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints.

WHAT happy men, or angels these,
'That all their robes are spotless white?
'Whence did this glorious troop arrive
'At the pure realms of heavenly light?'

2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams,
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

f 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

689. HYMN 41. B. 1. C. M. Martyrs.

The Martyrs glorified.

THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
'Whence all their white array?
'How came they to the happy seats
'Of everlasting day?'

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

690. HYMN 33. B. 2. C. M. Brattle-street.

The blessed Society in Heaven.

f RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, There's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright like the sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the Sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three One.

7 [But O what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]

f 8 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

691. HYMN 68. B. 2. C. M. New York.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode,
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

s 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there
Before th' eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity** confess.]

p 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

692. HYMN 91. B. 2. C. M. Woodland

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.]

l 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

p 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

* Isaiah xl. 17.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

f 9 And while our faith enjoys the sight
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

693. HYMN 75. B. 2. C. M. Knaresboro'.
Spiritual Joys; or, the Sight of Christ.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

l 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

f 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

DOXOLOGIES.

694. HYMN 26. B. 3. L. M. Rothwell.

A song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

695. HYMN 29. B. 3. L. M. Monmouth.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in person Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

696. HYMN 32. B. 3. L. M. Old Hundred.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

697. HYMN 33. B. 3. L. M. Antigua.

Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

698. HYMN 27. B. 3. C. M. Tallis' Chant.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,

Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

699. HYMN 30. B. 3. C. M. Peterboro'.

THE God of mercy be ador'd.
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

700. HYMN 34. B. 3. C. M. Dundee.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

701. HYMN 35. B. 3. C. M.

Or thus:

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

702. C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known.
Or saints to love the Lord.

703. HYMN 28. B. 3. 1st. S. M. Silver-street.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

5 To the great One in Three
That seals this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

704. HYMN 31. B. 3. 2d. S. M. Dover

LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

705. HYMN 36. B. 3. 3d. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

706. HYMN 37. B. 3. S. M.

Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

707. L. P. M. Eaton

NOW to the Great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

639. HYMN 58. B. 2. C. M. Funeral Hymn.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
7 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, *They're here,*
But only say, *They're past.*]

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh:
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd!

l 7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

640. PSALM 144. 2d Part. C. M. Wantage.

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

641. PSALM 39. 2d Part. C. M. Grafton

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore.
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall:
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

642. HYMN 32. B. 2. C. M. Bedford

Frailty and Folly.

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

s 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

p 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

643. HYMN 55. B. 2. C. M. **Bether.**

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

a 5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

l 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

644. PSALM 90. 1st Part. C. M. **Barby.**

Man frail, and God eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

645. PSALM 90. S. M. Little Marlboro'.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

Alas, 'twas brittle clay
That built our bodies first!
And every month and every day
They're mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

646. HYMN 13. B. 2. L. M. Mariners' Hymn.

The Creation, Preservation, and Dissolution of this World.

SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall his moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

s 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
f Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

647. HYMN 82. B. 1. L. M. Langport.

God far above Creatures; or, Man vain and mortal.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God!
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he!

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay;
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
p We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

s 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious Thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

648. PSALM 90. L. M. Windham.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
Return, ye sinners, to your dust.

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]

6 [Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.]

s 7 But, O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

s 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

649. PSALM 102. 3d Part. L. M. Munich.

Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

p 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same through every age.

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

f 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

650. HYMN 52. B. 2. C. M. Canterbury

Death dreadful or delightful.

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

l 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face,
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love
That promis'd heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
f Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

651. HYMN 17. B. 1. C. M. Stevens.

Victory over Death.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have
My quivering lips shall sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
Through Christ our living Head.

652. HYMN 6. B. 1. C. M. Mear

Triumph over Death.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

s 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

f 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

653. HYMN 18. B. 1. C. M. Dundee

Blessed are the Dead.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd,
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

654. HYMN 49. B. 2. C. M. Camden

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,

And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

f 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

655. HYMN 19. B. 1. C. M. Irish.

The Song of Simeon.

LORD, at thy temple we appear
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly, in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 'Now I can leave this world,' he cried,
'Behold, thy servant dies;
'I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
'And close my peaceful eyes.

4 'This is the light prepar'd to shine
'Upon the Gentile lands,
'Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
'To break their slavish bands.'

5 [Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's could embrace
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

656. HYMN 66. B. 2. C. M. Jordan.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

p 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

657. HYMN 31. B. 2. L. M. Eaton.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

658. HYMN 27. B. 1. C. M. Windsor.

Assurance of Heaven.

[DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;

But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

l 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain:
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

659. HYMN 110. B. 1. C. M. Braintree.

Death and immediate Glory.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall,
f Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

660. HYMN 23. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M. Derby.

Absent from the Body, and present with the Lord.

ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

f 3 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could never climb
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day,

My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

661. HYMN 2. B. 2. C. M. Martyrs.
The Death of a Sinner.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead:
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Lingering about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood, with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

s 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

662. HYMN 3. B. 2. C. M. China
The Death and Burial of a Saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

p 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

f 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way;

Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising-day.

l 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise,
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

663. HYMN 47. B. 1. C. M. Stade.

Death of Kindred improved.

MUST friends and kindred droop and die?
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

664. HYMN 28. B. 2. C. M. Tallis' Chant.

Death and Eternity

STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse a while with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

s 3 But O, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

p 5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into the dust.

665. HYMN 61. B. 2. C. M. Walsal

A Thought of Death and Glory.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb,
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
f Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4 Then we should see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

f 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

666. HYMN 63. B. 2. C. M. Funeral Hymn

A Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
'Ye living men, come view the ground
'Where you must shortly lie.

2 'Princes, this clay must be you bed,
'In spite of all your towers;
'The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
'Must lie as low as ours.'

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?

4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

667. HYMN 24. B. 1. L. M. Windham.

The Rich Sinner dying, Psalm xlix.

IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3 Their ling'ring, their unwilling souls
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewel!,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones:
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

668. PSALM 49. L. M. Kingsbridge.

The Sinner's Death, and Saint's Resurrection.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave?

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

669. PSALM 49. 1st Part. C. M. Warwick.

Pride and Death; or, the Vanity of Life.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,

To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the selfsame clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet, 'tis his inward thought and pride,
My house shall ever stand;
'And that my name may long abide,
'I'll give it to my land.'

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcass lies.

670. PSALM 49. 2d Part. C. M. Barby
Death and the Resurrection.

YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

671. PSALM 89. v. 47, &c. 6th Part. L. M. Weils.
A Funeral Psalm.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!

Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
'Must death for ever rage and reign?
'Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 'Where is thy promise to the just?
'Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?'
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honours of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

672. PSALM 89. L. P. M. St. Helen's

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
'The race of man was only made
'For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

673. PSALM 16. 3d Part. L. M. Islington.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave

My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

674. HYMN 110. B. 2. S. M. Aylesbury

Triumphing over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

p AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

p 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

f 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
l Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

675. HYMN 102. B. 2. L. M. Dresden

A happy Resurrection.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, withering limbs of mine.

p 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

f 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

p 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

f 5 [Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

676. HYMN 65. B. 1. L. M. Winchelsea.
The World become the Kingdom of our Lord.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

677. PSALM 97. 1st Part. L. M. Old Hundred.
Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

s 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;

Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
f Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

678. HYMN 107. B. 2. C. M. Wood'and.

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart?*

s 3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

4 [What! to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

p 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

8 Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

679. PSALM 9. 1st Part. C. M. Bray

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne

To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

680. HYMN 45. B. 1. C. M. Arundel.

The last Judgment.

SEE, where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 ['I am the First and I the Last,
'Through endless years the same;
I AM is my memorial still,
'And my eternal name.

3 'Such favours as a God can give
'My royal grace bestows;
'Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
'Where life and pleasure flows.]

4 ['The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
'I'll own him for a son,
'The whole creation shall reward
'The conquests he has won.

5 'But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
'And all the lying race,
'The faithless and the scoffing crew,
'That spurn at offer'd grace;

6 'They shall be taken from my sight,
'Bound fast in iron chains,
'And headlong plung'd into the lake
'Where fire and darkness reigns.']

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

8 May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

681. PSALM 50. 1st Part. C. M. London.

The last Judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
'Judgment will ne'er begin;'
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'Whose peace is made with God
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood.

6 'Their faith and works brought forth to light,
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore my grace.'

682. PSALM 50. 3d Part. C. M. St. Ann's.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 'Not for the want of bullocks slain
'Will I the world reprove;
'Altars and rites and forms are vain,
'Without the fire of love.

3 'And what have hypocrites to do
'To bring their sacrifice?
'They call my statutes just and true,
'But deal in theft and lies.

4 'Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
'And sin without control?
'But I shall bring your crimes to light,
'With anguish in your soul.'

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

683. PSALM 50. Acceptance.

The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead;
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

2 Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh!
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;
'But gather first my saints,' (the Judge commands,)
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 'Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new:
'There's no distinction here: come, spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my sons.

4 'I, their Almighty Saviour and their God,
'I am their judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
'Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
'I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 'Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
'But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
'And cherish such an impious thought within,
'That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
'Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
'And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.'

6 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

684. PSALM 50. 10's. Judgment.

The last Judgment.

THE God of Glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles! heaven rejoices
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold, the judge descends; his guards are nigh!
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him:

3 'Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
'To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
'But gather first my saints,' the Judge commands,
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands:
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

4 'Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new:'
There's no distinction here: join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 'Here,' saith the Lord, 'ye angels, spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my sons:
'Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
'Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward:'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion:
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

685. HYMN 44. B. 2. L. M. Costellow.
Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dipp'd in the blood of damned souls.]

4 [There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thine hands.]

p 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

s 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

686. HYMN 105. B. 1. C. M. Peterboro'.

Heaven invisible and holy.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come,
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

687. HYMN 86. B. 2. C. M. Samos.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

OUR sins, alas, how strong they be!
And like a violent sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move,
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

f 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

688. HYMN 40. B. 1. L. M. Newcourt.

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints.

WHAT happy men, or angels these,
'That all their robes are spotless white?
'Whence did this glorious troop arrive
'At the pure realms of heavenly light?'

2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams,
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

f 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

689. HYMN 41. B. 1. C. M. Martyrs.

The Martyrs glorified.

THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
'Whence all their white array?
'How came they to the happy seats
'Of everlasting day?'

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

690. HYMN 33. B. 2. C. M. Brattle-street.

The blessed Society in Heaven.

f RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, There's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright like the sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the Sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three One.

7 [But O what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]

f 8 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

691. HYMN 68. B. 2. C. M. New York.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode,
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

s 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there
Before th' eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity** confess.]

p 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

692. HYMN 91. B. 2. C. M. Woodland

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.]

l 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

p 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

* Isaiah xl. 17.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

f 9 And while our faith enjoys the sight
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

693. HYMN 75. B. 2. C. M. Knaresboro'.

Spiritual Joys; or, the Sight of Christ.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

l 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

f 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

DOXOLOGIES.

694. HYMN 26. B. 3. L. M. Rothwell

A song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

695. HYMN 29. B. 3. L. M. Monmouth.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in person Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

696. HYMN 32. B. 3. L. M. Old Hundred.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

697. HYMN 33. B. 3. L. M. Antigua.

Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

698. HYMN 27. B. 3. C. M. Tallis' Chant.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,

Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

699. HYMN 30. B. 3. C. M. Peterboro'.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

700. HYMN 34. B. 3. C. M. Dunlee.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

701. HYMN 35. B. 3. C. M.

Or thus:

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

702. C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known.
Or saints to love the Lord.

703. HYMN 28. B. 3. 1st. S. M. Silver-street.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

5 To the great One in Three
That seals this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

704. HYMN 31. B. 3. 2d. S. M. Dover

LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

705. HYMN 36. B. 3. 3d. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

706. HYMN 37. B. 3. S. M.

Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

707. L. P. M. Eaton.

NOW to the Great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

708. HYMN 38. B. 3. 6's & 8's. Bethesda.

A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own Eternal Son
To die for sins That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives, And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes The great design,
And fills the soul With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, With all her powers;
There faith prevails, And love adores.

709. HYMN 39. B. 3. H. M. Zion.

TO Him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man,
To Him that form'd Our hearts anew
Is endless praise, And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Throughout immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address The Spirit's name
With equal praise, And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The Sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise His honours high
When earth and time Grow old and die.

710. HYMN 40. B. 3. Amherst.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores The name we sing.

711. H. M. or 6's & 8's. Bethesda.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, While faith adores.

712. HYMN 41. B. 3. H. M. or 6's & 8's.

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power, And praise be given,
By all on earth, And all in heaven.

THE HOSANNAS; OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

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713. HYMN 42. B. 3. L. M. Portugal

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

714. HYMN 43. B. 3. C. M. St. George.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
[illegible]ve salvation to the Lord,
[illegible]th blessings on his name.

715. HYMN 16. B. 1. C. M. Dundee.
Hosanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

716. HYMN 89. B. 2. C. M. Victory
Christ's Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep,
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumph thou hast won.

717. HYMN 44. B. 3. S. M. Silver-street.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ the anointed King
Be endless blessings given,
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

718. HYMN 45. B. 3. 6's & 8's. Bethesda.

HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold, he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young Attend his way,
And at his feet Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim;
Upon his head Shall honours rest,
And every age Pronounce him blest.

A

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS:

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS

BY JOHN RIPPON, D D

PHILADELPHIA:

DAVID CLARK,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson.

1838.

HYMNS.

GOD.

719. 1 L. M. Dr. S. Stennett. Addison.

A Song of Praise to God.

1 TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring,
All that have breath, your voices raise
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night the praise prolong.

5 The listening earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

720. 2 L. M. Williams's Psalms. Old Hundred.

The Unity of God, Deut. vi. 4.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen [lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

721. 3 L. M. Fawcet.

The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.

1 THOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

s 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

s 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair;
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare!

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heavens;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

f 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

722. 4 L. M. Steele. Angel's Hymn.

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

s 3 Great Father of eternity,
How short our ages in thy sight.
f A thousand years how swift they fly!
Like one short silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

p 6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
In sweet proportion to our pains,
'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7 [Let thy almighty work appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share
Continued to their children shine.

8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care!]

723. 5 L. M. Dr. Doddridge. Gould.

The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of the Creation.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And as to-morrow, shalt thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines, with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

p 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;

And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

p 5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:

p 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

724.

6 C. M. Dr. Watts. Bedford.

The Infinite.

1 THY names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
f And fly before the winds;

5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirits fills,
And overloads the soul.

s 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless Inconceivables,
And vast Eternity.

725.

7 L. M. Merrick. Wareham.

The Power and Providence of God.

1 YE servants of your God, his fame
In songs of highest praise proclaim;
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent;

f 2 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's inexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest.
With awful gratitude impress'd,
Nor know, among the seats divine,
A power that shall contend with thine:

s 4 O Thou, whose all-disposing sway
The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;
Whose might through all extent extends,
Sinks through all depth, all height transcends;

5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now bids the pregnant vapours rise;
The lightning's pallid sheet expands;
And glads with showers the furrow'd lands;

6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
Permits th' imprison'd winds to fly;
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep:

f 7 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring;
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

726. 8 C. M. Charmouth.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.

1 LORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee:
By thee, my resting hours.

s 2 My thoughts scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclosed
With thine immensity.

3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy listening ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there,
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

PAUSE.

6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where through nature's spacious range.
Shall I elude thy sight?

7 Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

f 8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;

9 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.

11 'The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
'Are both alike to thee:
'O may I ne'er provoke that Power
'From which I cannot flee!'

727.

9 C. M. Dr. Watts. Abridge.

Divine Sovereignty.

1 KEEP silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

s 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.

3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,

With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' Eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

p 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise;

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

728.

10 7's. B. Francis. Alcester.

The Majesty of God.

1 GLORY to the eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven his praises sing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

2 Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the universe sustains
As an atom in his sight.

3 Suns on suns, through boundless space,
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.

4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

5 O, let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze:
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

729.

11 L. M. Beddome. Islington.

The Wisdom of God.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

s 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.

p 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

730.

12 (First Part) C. M. Steele. Exe 1

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;

Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

730. 12 (Second Part.) C. M. Staughton.

God is love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 AMID the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The *goodness* of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,—
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God the Lord is *Love!*

731. 13 L. M Medley. Rothwell.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

s 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

p 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I him have oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

f 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

732.

14 C. M.

The Grace of God.

See 1307.

733.

15 11's. S——. Broughton.

The Mercy of God. Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
p Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell:
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

l 6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

734.

16 7's. Firths.

The Long-suffering or Patience of God.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be!
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsumed amid the flame!

Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give:
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

735. 17 C. M. Bedford

The Holiness of God. Isaiah viii. 13.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compared,
How mean they look and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compared with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

s 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thine hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

s 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

736. 18 L. M. Beddome. Bath

The Justice and Goodness of God.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:

2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings, and tny promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3 Thy terrors, and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored:

f 4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

737. 19 L. M. Portugal
The Truth and Faithfulness of God.

1 YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should *him* tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

738. 20 L. M. Dr. Watts. Kingsbridge.
God supreme and self-sufficient.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name.
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

s 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

f 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

739.

21 C. M. Stennett. Dundee

Mercy and Truth met together.

1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclosed his kind design
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame, and sin;

2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet midst their joys, they paused a while,
And ask'd with strange surprise,
But how can injured justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes?

4 'Will the Almighty deign again
To visit yonder world;
And hither bring rebellious men,
Whence rebels once were hurl'd?

5 'Their tears and groans and deep distress
Aloud for mercy call;
But, ah! must truth and righteousness
To mercy, victims fall?'

6 So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surprised,
Eager to know the wondrous plan
That wisdom had devised.]

f 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus replied:
'In me let mercy be revered,
And justice satisfied.

p 8 'Behold! my vital blood I pour
A sacrifice to God;
Let angry justice now no more
Demand the sinner's blood.'

l 9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung
With shouts of loud applause;
'He died!' the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous joys.

740. 22 C. M. Dr. Watts. Irish.
The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give!
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

740. 22 7's. Alcester
To the Trinity.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Self-existent Deity!
By the hosts of heaven adored,
Teach us how to worship thee:

Only uncreated Mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combined
With society complete.

2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father, Saviour, Vital Breath!
Body, spirit, soul, be thine,
Now, and at, and after death!

3 Glorious, thou, in holiness,
Father, didst thy rights maintain:
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only Son was slain:
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;
Mildest love and vengeance keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

p 4 Fearful thou in praises too,
Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
We with joy and reverence view
All thy glory, all thy shame!—
Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,—
Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

5 Wonder-working Spirit, thine
Th' efficacious grace we sing;
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring;
Mortify sin, root and deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with speed,
And let glory crown the race!

742.

23 L. M. Dr. Watts. Paul's

The Incomprehensibility of God.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores—
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One.
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling place of worms.

6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

7 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

743. 24 L. M. N——. Mark's.

The moral Perfections of the Deity imitated.

1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;

So shall I feel another's wo,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O may the grace that pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

744.

25 L. M. Merrick. Ryland.

The Divine Perfections celebrated.

1 MY grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse, to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.

2 O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
What name among the saints divine,
Of equal excellence possess'd,
Thy sovereignty, great God, contest?

3 Thee, Lord, heaven's host their leader own;
Thee, might unbounded, Thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd;
And faith unsullied vests thee round.

4 The heaven above and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great possessor, know;
By thee, this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds enclose.

5 From thee, amid th' aerial space,
The north and south assume their place;
'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide.

l 6 O bless'd the tribes whose willing ear
Awakes the vestal shout to hear;
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy favouring beams around them spread

f 7 How shall they joy, from day to day,
Thy boundless mercy to display,
Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!

O wise in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And grateful, through the length of days,
In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

745.

26 L. M. Dr. Watts. Monmouth.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes

s 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do!
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

s 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

p 5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

746.

27 L. M. Needham. Antigua.

A summary View of the Creation.

1 LOOK up, ye saints! direct your eyes
To Him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and, from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light:
Him discord heard; and at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon nor stars delay
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man.
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

f 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine.

747. 28 C. M. New York.
God the Searcher of the Heart.

1 LORD! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom.
And in thy circling arms I lay
A slumberer in the womb.

2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill:
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill!

3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkness framed,
Thy rich embroidery ran:

4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;
My structure, in thy book,
Was plann'd before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

p 5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?

6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;
With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning's splendours rise.

s 7 'Thine awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord! to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.'

748. 29 C. M. Dr. Watts. Devizes
A Song to creating Wisdom.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

p 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move,
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

749. 30 L. M. Dr. Doddridge. **Langdon.**
God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

f 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun and moon, and planets roll;
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

f 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But, O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

l 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

750.

31 L. M. Rothwell.

Providence.

1 THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

p 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

751.

32. C. M. Steele. Abingdon.

Creation and Providence.

1 LORD, when our raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bids our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

s 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And, O! let man thy praise record,—
Man, thy distinguish'd care!

p 5 From thee, the breath of life he drew
That breath thy power maintains;

Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

7 Thy providence his constant guard,
When threatening woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward
Or timely succours lend.

p 8 On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

752. 33 L. M. Green's Hundred.
Providence equitable and kind.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share,
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

p 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

f 5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

s 7 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

753. 34 C. M. Cowper. Barby

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

p 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

754. 35 C. M. Beddome. Christmas.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter.

s 1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,

And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

755. 36 C. M. Addison. Braintree.
The Traveller's Psalm.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preservest that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

756. 37 C. M. Steele. Elim.
Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 [Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye!
How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!]

s 5 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

p 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

f 9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

THE FALL.

756. 38 L. M. Dr. Watts. Wareham.
Original Sin.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

757. 39 C. M. Stennett. Walsal.
Indwelling Sin lamented.

p 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

f 6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

758. 40 S. M. Watchman.
The evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

s 3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue:
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

f 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

759. 41 L. M. Cruttenden. Duke-street
Sin and Holiness.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.

p 2 Now I complain, and groan and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

f 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course

s 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve;
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6 [Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
And power divine attends the word;
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]

7 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart can raise,—
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

760. 42 L. M. Doddridge. Eaton
The Effects of the Fall lamented. Ps. cxix.

p 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes,
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

p 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

SCRIPTURE.

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

761. 43 C. M. Sprague.
The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

p 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
f Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
'Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

762. 44 L. M. Beddome. Luton.
The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven:

f 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:

f 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favour'd lands who have this word,—
Ye saints who feel its saving power,—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

763.

45 C. M. Stennett. St. Ann's.

The Riches of God's Word.

1 LET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favourite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold, without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here, the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here, light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here, promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains
Assured that we shall find!

764. 46 C. M. Steele. Salem.
The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

765. 47 C. M. Dr. Gibbons. Braintree.
Our Duty to God. Ex. xx. 3—12

1 THAT God, who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God; and to his name,
In homage bow the knee.

2 Let not a shape which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.

3 Take not in vain the name of God;
Nor must thou ever dare
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.

4 That day on which he bids thee rest
From toil, to pray and praise—
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.

5 O may that God, who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart;
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart!

766. 48 C. M. Dr. Gibbons. Gainsboro.
Our Duty to our Neighbour.

1 THY sire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

2 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Its voice will pierce the sky;
And thou, by the just laws of heaven,
For the dire crime shalt die.

3 To thine own couch thou shalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
Heaven darts its vengeance down.

4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from right,
Or God will curse thy wealth.

5 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
Or crush, or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.

6 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
For God has drawn the line.

767. 49 L. M. Doddridge. Fawcet.
The Sinner found wanting. Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eye;
Behold the balance lifted high:
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works, how light! thy thoughts, how vain!

3 Behold! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters;
'*Tekel!*—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground!'

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail,-
Christ in the Scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Jesus, exert thy power to save,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave;
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

768. 50. L. M. Kingsbridge.

The practical Use of the Law to the convinced Sinner.

1 HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands:
And on me justly mightst thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

2 But, thanks to God! its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone, I come to thee.

3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
Yet, in thy gospel plan, I see
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!—
How Christ hath to thy law restored
Those honours, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

769. 51 C. M. Cowper. Burford.

Illegal Obedience followed by evangelical.

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too;

4 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely chose his ways.

5 'What shall I do?' was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?—'
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

770. 52 L. M. Dr. Watts. Bath.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

1 'CURST be the man, for ever curst,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief and infinite.'

l 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
p But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath
And Calvary say gentler things:

3 'Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood:
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.'

p 4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) '*Forgive!*'

And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live!'

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair;

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

771. 53 H. M. Cowper. Bethesda.
The ceremonial Law. Heb. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
'Behold, I bear your sins away.'

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry
In thousand channels roll.

775.

57 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Jubilee.

The Jubilee.

l 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 [Ye, who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.]

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

7 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

776. 58 L. M. Dr. Doddridge. Derby
The Gospel Jubilee.

l 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great;
Their joy still rises with the debt.

f 6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

777. 59 C. M. Stennett. Oxford.
The glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

1 WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

f 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

p 3 The mighty debt, that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:

Then through the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he our great High-priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

s 5 Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace;
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

778. 60 H. M.
Proclamation of the Gospel.
See 1308.

779. 61 8. 4.
Gospel Trumpet.
See 1309.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

780. 62 5's and 6's, or 5's and 11's. Oporto.
Everlasting Love, electing Grace, and Holiness.

1 HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approved,
Eternally loved,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be moved.

p 2 'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience thy comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Sion we move.

3 Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise:
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 Our Saviour and friend
His love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end.
Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5 This proof we would give
That thee we receive;
Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe:
Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross,
Compared with thy love and the blood of thy cross.

PART THE SECOND.

6 Yet one thing we want,
More holiness grant!
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant!
Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!

7 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be;
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us to thee:
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come *fill* us with holiness, *fill* us with love.

8 Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall resound.

781. 63 L. M. Beddome. Luton.

The Consequences of Election.

1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God!
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.

2 He, for the sins of all th' elect,
Hath a complete atonement made;
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word depend
Shall find his word for ever sure.

782. 64 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Bethesda.

Eternal and unchangeable Love.

1 O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine!
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm;
Midst all my fears, and sin, and wo,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thy arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last!

783. 65 8. 7. 4. Tamworth.
The Consideration of Election in Christ comfortable.

1 SONS we are through God's election,
Who in Christ Jesus believe:
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restored thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life through Jesus reign.

3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the power of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me;
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory!

6 [When the angel sounds the trumpet;
When my soul and body join;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.]

7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound through Canaan's land.

784. 66 6. 8. 4. Oliver. Leoni

The Covenant God.

1 THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd,
I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abram praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power:
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

785. 67 C. M. Doddridge. Salem

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

786.

68 L. M. 6 lines. Eaton.
Pleading the Covenant.

1 O LORD, my God! whose sovereign love!
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,
Look to the covenant, and see,
Has not thy love been shown to me?
Remember me, my dearest friend,
And love me always to the end.

2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine;
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

787.

69 7's. Bath Abbey.
Redeeming Love.

l 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

p 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

f 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdued th' infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

f 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
l Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

788.

70 L. M. Steele. Rothwell

Redemption by Christ alone.

1 ENSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalued price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

s 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

p 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

789.

71 8. 7. 4. **Greenfield.**

Finished Redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
'It is finish'd!'—
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

f 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!—
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

f 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

790.

72 L. M. Stennett. **Leeds.**

It is finished. John xix. 30.

1 'TIS finish'd! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 Tis finish'd—all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore,
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

p 4 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

t 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

791.

73 8's. D. Turner. Goshen.

Gratitude to God for Redemption.

1 SHALL Jesus descend from the skies
To atone for our sins by his blood,
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

2 He saved us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort nor hope had e'er known;
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.

3 Through him we forgiveness shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace;
If, contrite and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.

4 This world, then, with all its gay joy,
That its thousands has snared and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy,
Whom Jesus has marked for his own.

5 While here through the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night:

6 Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

f 7 And there, while his glories we see,
And feast on the joys of his love,
We changed to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

792. 74 8. 8. 6. or L. C. M. Toplady. Hinton.

Christ's Atonement.

p 1 O THOU, who didst thy glory leave
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall,—
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne'er shall rise;
For thou hast borne them all.

2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsafed to dwell
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of the man.

3 Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold th' incarnate King of heaven
For us, his foes, expire!
s Amazed, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear
His father's righteous ire.

4 Ye saints, the Man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone:
l Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

793. 75 8. 7. Sicilian.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring;
Hail! thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;

All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

l 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
p There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
l Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

794.

76 7s.

Pleading the Atonement.

p 1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thy anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

p 2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me, a sinner, now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;
Join'd with his it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn, from me, thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice,—
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid:

And, if mine, through him, thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me while on thee I call:
Am I thine, thou Son of God?
Take the purchase of thy blood.

6 Father, see the victim slain,
Offer'd up for guilty men:
Hear his blood-prevailing cry;
Let thy bowels then reply!
Then through him the sinner see;
Then, in Jesus, look on me!

795.

77 C. M. Camonage.

Efficacious Grace.

1 HAIL! mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

p 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
l Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace;

p 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
l And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

796.

78 L. M. Limehouse

The Conversion of Zaccheus.

1 ONCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the Lord would see;
Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before and climb'd a tree.

2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd, and saw him there;
'Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

3 'To-day,' the pardoning Saviour cries,
'Salvation to thy house is come;
On wings of sovereign love it flies;
Go, tell the blissful news at home.'

p 4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around,
To every listening sinner speak;
Now may thy ancient love abound;
From every seat a captive take.

f 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet;
Come to the feast his love prepares;
'The lost are sought and saved,' how sweet
And, 'not the righteous,' Christ declares.

6 Say, what are you come out to view,
Jesus, who once for sinners died?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
'Cast sinful, righteous self aside.'

7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?
Dost thou invite thee to my home?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
To-day let thy salvation come.

797. 79 C. M. Stevens.

The lost Sheep found.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold,
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves
And climbs the mountain steep;

f 2 But, O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And makes his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ!
f Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

l 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
'A wandering sheep's return'd,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

798. 80 C. M. Stennett. **Bangor.**
The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

f 4 'Yet quickly, from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.

5 'Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,—
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.'

799. 81 S. M. Dr. Doddridge. **Suton.**
Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy path may tread.

s 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

800. 82 L. M. Stennett. Langdon.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

1 TO God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

p 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

f 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord!
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

l 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days:
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

801. 83 L. M. Dunstan

Human Righteousness insufficient to justify.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?—

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood?—
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

p 5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath:
'Twere just the sentence should take place:
But, O! I plead my Saviour's death!

p 6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone,
O put the spotless robe on me!

802. 84 L. M. Duke-street.

Imputed Righteousness.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived and died for me.'

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, through thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

l 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

803.

85 Davies. Hoxton.
The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Angels and men resign their claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

p 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest die;
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

f 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

804.

86 C. M. Steele. Medfield.
Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22.

p 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet, sovereign mercy calls, 'Return:'
Dear Lord, and may I come!

My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

s 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

f 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

p 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

805.

87 L. M. Dr. Gibbons. New Sabbath.
Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, outmeasuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glory shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honours shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow:

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

806.

88 S. M. Watts. Aylesbury.
Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9.

1 MY sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4 O, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love!
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

p 5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all;
And weep, and love, and die.

f 6 'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise,
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains.'

7 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
l Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

807.

89 C. M. Doddridge. Irish

Pardon spoken by Christ.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

p 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven:
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

f 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

808. 90 L. M. Windham.

God ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loath to save,
Or loved to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

p 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 What though our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure ether borne.

s 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace, we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;
But was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

6 'I've found a ransom,' saith the Lord,
'No humble penitent shall die;'
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

809. 91 8. 6. 8. Cruttenden. Weston Favel.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3.

1 LET others boast their ancient line.
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:

No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear.
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day;
Bless'd Saviour, haste and come away.

810.

92 C. M. Doddridge. Braintree
Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

p 2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

f 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

811.

93 C. M. Doddridge. Arundel.
True Liberty given by Christ.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported, fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain,
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father! cry.

f 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

f 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

812.

94 7's. Humphreys. Eglon.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

2 God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:
With them, &c.

3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day
With them, &c.

4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them, &c.

5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,

Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.

7 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd;
They are by his Spirit seal'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity.

813.

95 L. M. Stennett. Sterling.

Christians the Sons of God.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace:
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage:
He clasps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.]

5 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

6 When, through temptation, they rebel,
His chastening rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

7 Their daily wants his hand supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family;
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.

9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

814. 96 S. M. Doddridge. Watchman.
Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 5

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

p 2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are;
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

f 4 Jesus our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

815. 97 L. M. Beddome. Effingham
Desiring Communion with God.

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above:
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

p 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

816. 98 C. M. Cowper. Peterboro.
Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

p 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

f 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

817. 99 C. M. Watts. **Dundee.**
O that I knew where I might find him.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

p 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy' sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

f 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

818. 100 C. M. Watts. Abridge.
Sanctification and Pardon.

1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
f Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our soul secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wondrous purple stream,
That cleanses every stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

s 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath!
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

819. 101 L. M. Doddridge. Duke-street.
Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd.

1 PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.

l 2 Hail, great Immanuel from above!
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down,—
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

p 3 Scarce half alive, we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.

4 The shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
O may we all its influence feel!
'Till inward, deep experience show,
Christ can begin a heaven below.

820. 102 S. M. Stennett. Frome.
The Leper healed; or, Sanctification implored.

p 1 BEHOLD the leperous Jew,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,

Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

2 'O speak the word,' he cries,
'And heal me of my pain:
Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean.'

3 Compassion moves his heart,
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

5 But thy Almighty grace
Can heal my leperous soul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood.
And that will make me whole.

821. 103 S. M. Doddridge. Hopkins

The Security of Christ's Sheep.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,
'My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 'I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4 'Unnumber'd years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5 This tried Almighty hand
Is raised for their defence:
Where is the power shall reach them there?
Or what shall force them thence?'

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

822. 104 L. M. Doddridge. Broadmead.
Noah in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ.

1 THE deluge at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

s 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions, in the last despair,
Re-echoed from the lowering sky!

p 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint!
Surrounded with a chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.

5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
Then the wide flood which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen,
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

823. 105 C. M. Bedford.
Perseverance. Psalm cxix. 117.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear:
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

824.

106 L. M. Stennett. Wells.
Perseverance desired.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.

s 2 But, ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate:
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

p 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steal this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

l 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

825.

107 5's and 6's and 11's. Toplady. Chesnunt.
The Method of Salvation.

1 THEE, Father! we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise:
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for men:
Great Surety of thine,
Thou didst not decline [design.
To concur with the Father's most gracious

3 To Jesus, our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend, [end:
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the
Our ransom he paid!
In his merit array'd,
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

4 Sweet Spirit of grace!
Thy mercy we bless [peace.
For thy eminent share in the council of
Great Agent divine,
To restore us is thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

5 O God, 'tis thy part
To convince and convert;
To give a new life, and create a new heart:
By thy presence and grace
We're upheld in our race, [days.
And are kept in thy love to the end of our

f 6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in one, [own;
The salvation of those he has mark'd for his
Let us, too, agree
To glorify Thee,—
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

826.

108 8. 7. 4. Tamworth.

Free Salvation.

1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has saved his favourite nation;
r Join to sing aloud to him:
He has saved us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

3 Save us from a mere profession;
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee:
Best of favours!
None compared with this can be.

4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee:
Make us walk as pilgrims here:
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near:
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling:
l All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

827.

109 C. M. Cambridge.
Complete Salvation.

1 SALVATION, through our dying God,
Shall surely be complete;*
He paid whate'er his people owed,
And cancell'd all their debt.

2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.

f 4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
'A sinner saved,' I'll cry,
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

828.

110 11. 8. Calne.
Distinguishing Grace. Jer. xxxi. 3.

l 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press, [days,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

p 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt,
You all would have lived, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

* Christ has made a *complete* atonement for his people: in *that* sense *his* work is finished:—the work of the Spirit, which at present, in some of the saints, is only *begun*, in due time shall be completed also.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
Twas 'Even so! Father,' you ever must sing,
'Because it seem'd good in thy sight.'

5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey!
While others were suffered to go [way,
The road which by nature we choose as our
Which leads to the regions of wo.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

829. 111 (1st Part.) C. M. Colchester.
By the grace of God, I am what I am.

1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace
That all my blessings flow;
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.

f 2 'Tis this my powerful lust controls,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
And makes my nature clean.

3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all as well as I.

4 How full must be the springs from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich
On which so many feed.

829. 111 (2d Part.) S. M. Mt. Ephraim.
Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 [Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

830.

112 8. 8. 6. or L. C. M.
Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

See 1310.

831.

113 C. M. Doddridge. Stephens.
O Lord, say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation.'

l 1 SALVATION! O, melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

p 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine.

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
f These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

832. 114 (1st Part.) L. M. Stennett. Hanover.
God reasoning with Men.

s 1 'COME, sinners,' saith the mighty God,
'Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men.

s 2 'No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around:
I come with terms of life and peace;
Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound.'

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O! make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

832. 114 (2d Part.) L. M. Newcourt.
Seek ye my face. Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 JEHOVAH speaks; 'Seek ye my face!'
My soul admires the wondrous grace:
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.

s 2 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)
And, begging, in his way I'll lie
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

p 3 Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,—
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

833. 115 (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4. Calvery.
Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore

Jesus ready stands to save you.
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty! come and welcome:
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

p 5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
'It is finish'd!'
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

l 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
f l Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

833. 115 (2d Part.) 8. 7. 4. Fountain. Helms ey
The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation to God.

1 SINNERS, you are now address'd
In the name of Christ our Lord;

He hath sent a message to you,
Pay attention to his word;
He hath sent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin;
All your actions
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loath to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconciled;
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconciled.

4 Pardon, now is freely publish'd
Through the Mediator's blood;
p Who hath died to make atonement,
And appease the wrath of God!
Wondrous mercy!
See, it flows through Jesus blood!

s b In his name you are entreated
To accept this act of grace:
This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace:
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus then heard the message,
All with heavenly mercy fraught;
Go and tell the gracious Jesus
If you will be saved or not:
s Say, poor sinner!
Will you now be saved or not?

834. 116 (1st Part.) C. M. Fawcett. Irish

Let the wicked forsake his way.

p 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

p 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go!
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal wo!

5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

834.

116 (2d Part.) L. M. Tallis Chant.

The Angels hastened Lot.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun!
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten *mercy to implore*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, *to return*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

835.

117 L. M. Steele. **Kingsbridge.**

Weary souls invited to rest.

p 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice

f 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

836.

118 H. M. or, 6's and 8's. **Amherst.**

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
p Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

837. 119 7's. Hotham.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!
Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need,
Glory to forsake, and God:
See they run with rap'd speed:
Draw them back by love divine;
With thy grace their spirits win:
Every heart, &c.

f 3 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain,
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God and grace again:
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

838. 120 C. M. Steele. Milton.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

f 2 For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal wo.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;

(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

p 4 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
f To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts;
And drink, and never die.

839. 121 (1st Part.) 8. 8. 6. St. John's.

Whosoever will, let him come.

1 YE scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
O whither can you go?
What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true;
He'll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,
Return to Jesus; he'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'Tis I;
He loves you still but means to try
If faith will bear the test;
The Lord has given the chiefest good,—
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls, draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly-favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe!—
Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

839. 121 (2d Part.) C. M. Worksop.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

1 LO! wisdom stands with smiling face.
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms?

2 She, generous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;

Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy;
'Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
And taste celestial joy.'

f 4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays;
And seize the glorious prize.

839. 121 (3d Part.) L. M. Portugal.

The Invitation of Wisdom accepted.

1 I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
And to his soothing voice attend;
'Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
Come, buy, from my unbounded store.

2 'I only ask you to receive,
For freely I my blessings give;'—
Jesus! and are thy blessings free?
Then I may dare to come to Thee.

3 I come for grace, like gold refined,
T' enrich and beautify my mind;
Grace that will trials well endure,
And in the furnace grow more pure.

4 Naked, I come for that bright dress,
Thy perfect spotless righteousness:
That glorious robe so richly dyed
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

p 5 Like Bartimeus, now to thee
I come, and pray that I may see;
E'en clay is eyesalve in thy hand,
If thou the blessing but command.

p 6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind I came,
O let me not return the same;
Let me depart, all-gracious Lord!
Happy, enrich'd, to sight restored.

840. 122 L. M. Beddome. Park-street.

The first Promise.

1 WHEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.

2 Infernal powers rejoiced to see,
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
s But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy through his Son.

s 3 Serpent, accursed, thy sentence read;
'Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
The woman's seed shall break thy head,
Thy malice faintly bruise his heel.'

4 Thus God declares; and Christ descends,
Assumes a mortal form and dies;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror, conquer'd lies.

5 Dying the King of glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes:
His power the prince of darkness feels,
p And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

841. 123 L. M. Fawcett. Eaton.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
p How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

p 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
f Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

s 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

842. 124 C. M. Maidstone.
Fear not, for I am with thee.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To soothe our sad complaints?

p 3 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

f 4 To all thine other favours add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

843. 125 C. M. Needham. Barby
My Grace is sufficient for thee.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
'My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 'My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove:
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love.'

p 3 What though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
Will ever be the same.

p 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace,
I all things can perform;
f And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

844. 126 C. M. Doddridge. Peterboro.
My God shall supply all your need.

1 MY God!—how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!

Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat.

2 What want shall not our Lord supply
From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow;
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

845. 127 C. M. Doddridge.

Fear not.

1 YE little flock whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

l 4 [Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless the Saviour's name:
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.]

846. 128 11's. K——. Oporto.

Exceeding great and precious promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

s 2 In every condition,—in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea.
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.'

f 3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay d'
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

s 6 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, *never*, no, *never forsake.*'

CHRIST.

847. 129 (1st Part.) C. M. York.

The Divinity of Christ.

s 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son;
By heaven's obedient host adored,
Ere time its course begun.

2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

f 3 But ransom'd sinners with delight,
Sublimer facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4 See the Redeemer clothed in flesh,
And ask the reason, 'Why?'
p The answer fills my soul afresh,—
'To suffer, bleed, and die!'

5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
A man of grief and wo becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

p 6 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of life condemns
To die in anguish too.—

7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss ensures.

f 8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

847. 129 (2d Part.) C. M. Medley. Arundel.

The Incarnation of Christ.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

f 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

fl 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

ff 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

s 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
l When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]

l 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

7 O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
p Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
l 'Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die.'

l 9 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail
Thy praise shall never end.

848.

130 7's. J. C. W. Easter.

The Song of the Angels.

p 1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

fl 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!

p 3 [Mild he lays his glories by;
Born that men no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.]

4 Come, Desire of nations! come,
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's promised seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

l 5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
p 'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'

849.

131 C. M. Steele. Braintree.

The Incarnation.

l 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord:
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd!

3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

f 5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

s 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

850.

132 8. 7. 4. Robinson. Helmsley.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee.
May a sinner lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

4 For thy providence that governs Hal.
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
s Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
f Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
p Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise! Hal.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest wo;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

851. 133 C. M. Doddridge. Jersey.

The condescending Grace of Christ.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King;

p 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
Then, in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
p To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

852.

134 C. M. New York.
The Redeemer's Message.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

p 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

l 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

853.

135 (1st Part.) L. M. Doddridge. Leeds.
Christ's Transfiguration.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

f 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ,
I see the King of glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
p And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, 'Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.'

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

s 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

853. 135 (2d Part.) 8. 8. 6. or L. C. M. Alderton.

Gethsemane.

1 IMMANUEL, sunk with dreadful wo,
Unfelt, unknown to all below—
Except the Son of God—
In agonizing pangs of soul,
Drinks deep from wormwood's bitterest bowl,
And sweats great drops of blood.

p 2 See his disciples slumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the press alone:
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,
The curse awaits him from the skies—
His death it must atone.

p 3 O Father, hear! this cup remove!
Save thou the darling of thy love
(The prostrate victim cries)
From overwhelming fear and dread!
Though he *must* mingle with the dead—
His people's sacrifice.

4 His earnest prayers, his deepening groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement rapt the sky;
'Go, strengthen Christ!' the Father said—
Th' astonished seraph bow'd his head,
And left the realms on high.

5 Made strong in strength, renew'd from heaven,
Jesus receives the cup as given,
And, perfectly resign'd,
s He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Sustains the curse,—removes it all—
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

854.

136 L. M. Babylon's streams.
Behold the Man.

p 1 YE that pass by, behold the man;
The man of grief condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!—
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

s 3 See there! his temple crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

p 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

s 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed, when her Creator died;
O, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
f O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
p O, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

855.

137 L. M. Steele. Dresden
*A dying Saviour.**

s 1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound!
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

p 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!

* See hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper.

Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

p 4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

f 6 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

856. 138 C. M. Stennett. York.

The Attraction of the Cross.

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amazed centurion cry,
'*This* is the Son of God!'

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

p 5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

857. 139 L. M. Redemption.

The dying Love of Christ constraining to Devotion.

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring, low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, thankful vow:
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.

f 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.

p 4 Amazing love, that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless wo:
Amazing love!—did Jesus *die?*

p 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
f O, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run.

6 He died! ye seraphs, tune your songs!
l Resound, resound, the Saviour's name!
For naught below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

858. 140 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Doddridge. Bethesda

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay The guards around,
Fall to the ground, And sink away.

2 Lo! th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
f Joyful they come, And wing their way
From realms of day To Jesus' tomb

f 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, 'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
l And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell!

Transported cry—'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, No more to die.'

l 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, With thee we reign,
And empires gain Beyond the skies.

859.

141 7's. German Hymn
The Resurrection.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
s Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

f 4 Lives again our glorious King!
'Where, O death! is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save,
'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

f 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

l 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the *Resurrection*—thou.

860.

142 7's. Easter
The Resurrection and Ascension.

1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death yield up thy mighty prey!
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide!
Glorious hero, through them ride!
King of glory! mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong! Hal.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death! thy mortal sting? Hal.

861. 143 L. M. Wareham.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
p Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!

3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized:
In *his* release *our own* we see,
l And shout to view Jehovah pleased.]

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more:
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

f 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

862. 144 C. M. Doddridge. New York
Comfort to such who seek a risen Jesus.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

p 3 A moment give a loose to grief,—
Let grateful sorrows rise:
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

f 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And, through unnumber'd years, he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

f 6 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

863. 145 L. M. Brendon
Christ's Ascension.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of glory in.

s 4 'Who is the King of glory, who?'
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame:
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

s 6 'Who is the King of glory, who?'
The Lord, of boundless power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

864.

146 H. M. or 6. 8. Doddridge. Resurrection.
Jesus seen of Angels. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid:
l And praise to God, And peace on earth,
For such a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,—
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd:
And joy'd to crown The Victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

p 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,—
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes Have known a tear
Had dropp'd it there In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone, And all adored
Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around Your golden wings,
And struck your strings Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
l And louder anthems raise;
While mortals sing with you
Their *own* Redeemer's praise;
And thou, my heart, With equal flame,
And joy the same, Perform thy part.

865. 147 L. M. Steele. Surry.

The exalted Saviour.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O, may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired;
s Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

p 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
O, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!

f 6 Yet though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise:
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

866. 148 8's and 7's.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

See 1311.

867.

149 H. M. or 6's and 8's. - Portsmouth.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your God and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
f And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
l Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

f 2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
l Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
l Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice—
The trump of God shall sound, *rejoice.*

868.

150 10's and 11's. Fawcett. Cheshunt.

The Fulness of Christ.

1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus our head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not to fear,
Our numerous complaints his mercy will hear:

His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows our woes to redress;
Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance we daily receive;
He has a redundance for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through life:
p And when we are fainting, and ready to die
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply

869. 151 8's. Sur
The unsearchable Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:—
No! this is a mystery unknown.

2 In him, all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs:
Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,—
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie,
When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—
Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
Poor sinners he loved till he died—
To wash their pollutions away.

p 4 O sinners, believe and adore
This Saviour, so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him:
Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,
Believe, and your peace shall begin.

5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
'Whoso hath an ear let him hear,'
He promises mercy to all
Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

870. 152 L. M. Steele. Portugal.
The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

s 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts
Above our fears, above our faults,
f His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power.
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

p 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our case can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

871. 153 C. M. Toplady. Bray.
Christ's Intercession prevalent.

1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
'Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am:

5 'By their salvation recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word.'

Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given;
Safety below, and after death,
The plentitude of heaven.

7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.

8 Let the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.]

872.

154 C. M. Doddridge. Abridge

Christ's Intercession.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

873. 155 C. M. Doddridge. Windsor.
Christ's Admonition to Peter.

1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep:
Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

p 4 Blest Jesus! intercede for us,
That we may fall no more:
O raise us when we prostrate lie,
And comfort lost restore.

l 5 Thy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But midst whole showers of fiery darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.

874. 156 L. M. Islington.
Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid too ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

f 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

p 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

f 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

875.

157 L. M. Dunstan.
Brazen Serpent.

1 WHEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd
A serpent straight the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

p 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.

3 But, O! what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
f What life, by faith, our souls receive
What pleasures do his sorrows give!

4 Still may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptured with his sacrifice!

5 Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement set me free!—
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

876.

158 L. M. Fawcett. Green's Hundred.
Bread of Life. John vi. 35. 48.

1 DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love nor seek for heavenly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2 Jesus! thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

3 Without this bread, I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.

4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was given.

f 5 This precious food my heart revives;
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

877. 159 L. M. Fawcett. Leeds.
The Marriage between Christ and the Soul.

1 JESUS, the heavenly Lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save:
Resolved to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

p 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse:
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,—
The robe of perfect righteousness.

s 5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus! thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

f 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O Saviour, keep me near thy side!
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

878. 160 L. M. Beddome. Arnheim.
Bright and morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

1 YE worlds of light that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,—
How faint and few, compared with his!

f 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

f 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,—
Point out the puzzled Christian's way:
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 [Thus when the eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears;
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps and calms their fears.]

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

879. 161 C. M. Stennett. Charleston.
Chief among ten Thousand.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

s 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

p 5 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.]

f 8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

880. 162 8. 7. Dort.

Consolation of Israel.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king:
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

881. 163 L. M. Doddridge. Wells.

Corner-stone.

1 LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2 We own the work of sovereign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thine own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defied;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

s 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide:

5 While such as scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own.
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

882.

164 C. M. Overtor

Desire of all Nations.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

f 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

883.

165 C. M. Doddridge. Salem

The Door.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The building's strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

f 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling, through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

884.

166 L. M. Steele. Creation.
Our Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

o 3 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

, 6 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

885.

167 L. M. Doddridge.
Jesus the Foundation of our Hope.

1 JESUS, the Lord, our souls adore!
A painful sufferer now no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturb'd his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone!
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

f 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own forerunner, see
Enter'd beyond the vale for thee.

l 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

886.

168 5's and 6's. Hart. Savannah.

Fountain open for Sinners.

1 THE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,—
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierced by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water;
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But, if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its power may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all

Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here;
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome and bare;
Though leperous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been tried;
It takes out all stain
Whenever applied:
The fountain flows sweetly,
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Though leperous as mine.

887. 169 C. M. Cowper. Carthage.
Praise for the Fountain opened.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

p 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
l Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
f Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

p 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
l Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

888. 170 L. M. Newton. Shoel.
Friend.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies:
O! what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE. Magdalene.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend? 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my friend can say.

6 [He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treacherous heart hath throbb'd with shame;
Loath to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.]

8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

889. 171 L. M. Beddome. Luton
Gift of God.

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,—
That face which I have often seen?
l Arise, thou Sun of righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distrest;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
s At home abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

890. 172 C. M. Doddridge. Devizes
Head of the Church.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

f 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

p 4 O, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body will present
Before thy Father's face!
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

891. 173 C. M. Doddridge. Cambridge.
Jesus—precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
l Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

l 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
p And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

892.

174 7's. Turin.
Immanuel. Matt. i. 23.

s 1 GOD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite:—
O mysterious depth and height!

2 *God with us!* Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

p 3 *God with us!* but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 [*God with us!* O, blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

f 5 *God with us!* O, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

893.

175 C. M. Steele. America.
King of Saints.

l 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

l 6 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

894.

176 C. M. Plymouth

Crown him.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown him Lord of all.

p 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O, crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
O, crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O, crown him Lord of all.

895.

177 C. M. Christmas

The spiritual Coronation.

Angels.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Martyrs.

2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Converted Jews.

[Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Believing Gentiles.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every Age.

5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Sinners of every Nation.

f 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourselves.

l 7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

896. 178 L. M. 6 lines. C. Wesley. Broadmead
Kinsman. Ruth iii. 2—9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our kinsman near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God;
p And, lo! we lay us at thy feet,
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below,
To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
Thou never canst thyself deny:

Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
I trust my faithful friend to prove;
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love:
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And save me for thy merit's sake.

4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,
Lord over all, to worms allied?
Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride;
And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

897.

179 L. M. Fawcett. Limehouse.

Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

p 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

f 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

898.

180 S. M. Peckham.

Leader.

1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ransom'd people led.

2 Angel of gospel grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

f 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

899.

181 L. M. Steele. Monmouth
Life of the Soul.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
p And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

p 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord!
And can my hope—my comfort die?
Fix'd on thy everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

s 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes
Shall break a union so divine.

900.

182 8. 7. Giles
Light. Isa. ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and, thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

901. 183 7's. Sicilian.
Melchisedek a Type of Christ.

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease!

2 Come! refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

l 3 Hail, Melchisedek divine!
Thou great High Priest shalt be mine!
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all.

902. 184 C. M. New York.
Messenger of the Covenant.

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

2 He whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

p 3 To me a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born:

4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who never knew or loved his face,
And all his will abhorr'd:

5 [To me, who could not even praise
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than keep the true:]

6 Yet this redeeming Angel came
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.

f 7 O that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

903.

185 L. M. Derby
Messiah.

1 GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expired,—
The time prophetic seals required;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.

5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone:
It wanted not thy glittering store,
Messiah's presence graced it more.

6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

7 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

904.

186 7. 6. 8. C. Wesley. Tottenham.
Passover. Exod. xii. 7.

1 CHRIST our Passover is slain
To set his people free,—
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny.
Lord, that we may now depart,
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.

s 2 Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill.
Safe in snares and death we dwell,
Protected by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on th' Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel show?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

905.

187 C. M. Steele. Baldwin
Pearl of great Price.

s 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A *real* price attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine

906. 188 L. M. Steele. Leyden.
Physician of Souls. Jer. viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

p 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

f 4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
For here a sovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

907. 189 C. M. Ludlow.
Physician; or, the Miracles of Christ.

1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may show
Be all thy wonders show'd.

Leper.

p 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Deaf and Dumb.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise;
f But, O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

Lame.

p 7 Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

l 8 Now speak my mind, my conscience, sound,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

Blind.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David hear!

10 See, I am waiting in the way,
For thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say
'Sinner, receive thy sight.'

Possessed.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

l 12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt relieve my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

908.

190 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Cennick. Warsaw
High-priest.

1 A GOOD High-priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And, taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a priest is made
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed:
Ordain'd to offer blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest as was Melchisedek.

3 He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To every tempted mind:
In every point, the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us he died.

p 4 He dies; but lives again,
And by the altar stands;
There shows how he was slain,
Opening his pierced hands:
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
And laws, and offerings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
l He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

909.

191 L. M. Stennett. Old Hundred.
The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

1 'MONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands;
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchisedek
Could claim such high descent as he,

His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Descended from th' eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.

e 4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And, in full splendour, on his breast
The sacred oracle appears.

5 So he presents his sacrifice,—
An offering most divinely sweet;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy seat.

f 6 The Father, with approving smile,
Accepts the offering of his Son:
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

7 The welcome news their lips repeat,
Give sacred pleasure to my breast:
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy Advocate and Priest.

910.

192 L. M. 6 lines. Davies. St. Paul's.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling thou!
O, let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear!
The words, that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

3 My great *High-priest*, whose precious blood,
Did once atone upon the cross:
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

4 My *King* supreme to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

911.

193 L. M. Monmouth

The Ransom. Isa. lxi. 2.

1 'I COME,' the great Redeemer cries,
'A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge;
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.

s 2 'A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall:
On me its thunders shall descend,
My strength, my love, sustain them all.'

3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace
Jesus has died, that we might live:
Not worlds below, nor worlds above
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To Him, who loved our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

912.

194 C. M. Doddridge. Warwick.

Our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

p 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
s Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

p 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought.
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

f 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

f 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down:
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.

913. 195 7's. Toplady. Sicilian.
Rock smitten; or, the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

914. 196 L. M. Steele. Manning
Saviour—the only one. Acts iv. 12.

f 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal wo.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
f O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us through this world of night.
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

915.

197 S. M. Steele. Shirland.
Shepherd.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
f Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
ith pleasure, food, and safety, blest;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

916.

198 10's and 11's. Portuguese Hymn.
Strong-hold. Zech. ix. 12.

1 YE prisoners of hope, o'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up for certain relief;
There's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation his grace doth afford.

2 Should justice appear a merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer, and soon shall you know
That sinners, confessing their wickedness past,
A plentiful blessing of pardon shall taste.

f 3 Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears to give you relief:
If you are returning to Jesus your friend,
Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.

4 'None will I cast out who come,' saith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt? lay hold of his word:
Ye mourners of Sion, be bold to believe,
For ever rely on your Saviour, and live.

917.

199 L. M. Stennett. Martin's-lane.
Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

1 GREAT God! amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, rapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.

2 But, when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.

3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight,
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?

4 Yet I may be allowed to trace
The distant shadows of thy face;
As in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd:
But, O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine!

f 6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings!
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

f 7 O, may the vital strength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

918. 200 C. M. Toplady. Barby.
Vine and the Branches. John xv. 1—5.

1 JESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

f 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

p 3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine:
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant, which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment water'd by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

919. 201 L. M. Cennick. Warrington.
Way to Canaan.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

p 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*'

f 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—*Behold the way to God!*

920. 202 8. 8. 6. Chatham.

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

1 THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
O may we tread the sacred *way!*—
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God?

2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour, just and *true:*
O, may we all his word believe!
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do!

3 As he above for ever lives,
And *life* to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
O, may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then, saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

921. 203 L. M. Doddridge. Duke-street.

The Lord our Righteousness.

1 MY God! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.

2 In Christ I view a store divine;
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd;
Hail to the Saviour and the God!

p 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
l 'Let there be light,' th' Almighty said!
And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

s 4 Condemn'd thy criminal I stood,
And awful justice ask'd my blood:
f That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin:
And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

f 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!
Ye angels warble back my song!
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

922.

204 C. M. Toplady. Mear.
All in all.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all besides
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

p 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My *All in all*, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

923.

205 8's. Carey's.
The Testimony of Jesus, the Soul of Prophecy.

1 THE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to Jehovah's right hand:
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine;
But Jesus, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2 In every *prophetical book*
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
f With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:

His glories project to the eye,
And prove it was not his design
Those glories concealed should lie,
But there in full majesty shine.

3 The *first gracious promise* to man
A blessed prediction appears;
His work is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears:
f How cheering the truth must have been,
That Jesus, the promised seed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
And hell in captivity lead!

4 The *ancient Levitical law*
Was prophecy, after its kind;
In types, there, the faithful foresaw
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
The blood that was sprinkled of old,
Had life when the people could taste
The blessings those shadows foretold.

5 Review each prophetical *song*
Which shines in prediction's rich train,
The sweetest to Jesus belong,
And point out his sufferings and reign;
Sure David his harp never strung
With more of true sacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he sung,—
And he was revealed to his sight.

6 May Jesus more precious become!
His word be a lamp to our feet,
While we in this wilderness roam,
Till brought in his presence to meet!
Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

924. 206 (1st Part.) L. M. 6 lines. Eaton.
The promised Comforter.

1 JESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing souls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
Thy promise made to such as me;

To such as Zion's path pursue
And would believe that God is true.

2 Thou say'st, 'I will the Father pray,
And he the Comforter shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave;
Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.'

f 3 Come, then, dear Lord! thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
p But soon we droop again and faint,—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
'Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.'

5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure, inseparable guide:
O may we meet and never part!
O may he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer!
And rest and reign for ever there!

924. 206 (2d Part.) 8's. Limefield.
The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

1 THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

2 'Tis he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Life, light, and affection imparts,
To them that so freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

4 The stubbornest will he can bow,
The foes that dwell in us restrain;
And none can be trodden so low
But he can revive them again.

5 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints:
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

6 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

7 How constant thy love I believe,
Which steadfast endures to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving, so holy a Friend.

925. 207 (1st Part.) L. M. Effingham.
The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside!

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ,—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

925. 207 (2d Part.) C. M. Sunday
The work of the Spirit represented by the Wind.

1 THE blessed Spirit like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With life, and light, and joy!
None can thy mighty power control,
Thy glorious work destroy.

926. 208 L. M. Doddridge. Portugal.
The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

1 BLESS'D Jesus! Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine;
p O, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
Midst scorching suns and burning sands.
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

l 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

927. 209 L. M. Surry.
Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands, that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
The effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

p 4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers!
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find,
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but pour'd on all mankind:
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

928. 210 L. M. Doddridge. Luton.
Seeking to God for his Spirit.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

p 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise:
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 O, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise!
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

929. 211 (1st Part.) L. M. 6 lines. Davies. Monmouth.
The Influences of the Spirit desired.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! Source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, *condescending* Spirit! come.

l 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
f Come, *vivifying* Spirit! come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Though in the flame we should expire:
Our breasts expand to make thee room:
Come, *purifying* Spirit! come!

4 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
f O, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, *condescending* Spirit! come
And make our souls thy constant home.

929.

211 (2d Part.) S. M. Dove
The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

p 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue:
Each evil passion overcome;
And form me all anew.

f 4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

930.

212 (1st Part.) L. M. Leeds
Entire Dedication.

1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died—
Surrender'd to the Crucified!

s 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,—
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend and my companion thou:
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get:
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by thy Spirit's two-edged sword.

5 Constrain my soul thy sway to own:
Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone:
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.

6 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

7 Larger communion let me prove
With thee, blest object of my love;
But, O! for this no power have I;
My strength is at *thy* feet to lie.

930. 212 (2d Part.) L. M. **Effingham.**
A propitious Gale longed for.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, '*Sweet Spirit*, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.

2 'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, *Thou* must breathe th' auspicious gale!'

931. 213 L. M. Steele. **Wells.**
The Influences of the Spirit experienced.

1 DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine!
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light.

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice!

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

f 7 And when my cheerful hope can say
'I love my God, and taste his grace,'
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

932. 214 8's. Uxbridge

The Holy Spirit addressed under darkness.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit—the Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest:
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.

2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolved by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win:
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If, when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
p O, Spirit of pity and grace!
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.

4 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a drop of his love,

If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a mansion above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,—
And seal me eternally thine.

933. 215 (1st Part.) L. M. Horsley.

The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:—

p 3 Yet. O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

s 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

933. 215 (2d Part.) C. M. Swanwick.

The grieved Spirit desired to return.

1 MY grace so weak, my sin so strong,
My heart is greatly pain'd:
Bless'd Spirit, art thou grieved?—and is
Thine influence restrain'd?

2 Tell me—O, tell me, what will please
And cause thee to return;
As dove the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

3 Come, then, celestial Helper! come,
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

4 Vouchsafe in answer to my prayer,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
O, guard and save me too.

933. 215 (3d Part) L. M. Castle-street
Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

1 I'M in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold the shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 Each sacred principle impart;
The faith that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires.
And love that warms with holy fires.

5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue—
That may I love and practise too.

6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.—

7 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport—the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possest of boundless bliss in thee.

934. 216 (1st Part.) C. M. Doddridge. Barby
Divine Drawings celebrated.

p 1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

f 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet:
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

934. 216 (2d Part.) L. M. Bath.
The Time of Love. Ezek. xvi. 6. 8.

1 LORD, 'twas a time of wondrous love,
When thou didst first draw near my soul,
And, by thy Spirit from above,
My raging passions didst control.

p 2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But he my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
s To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *equal* praise.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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935. 217 (1st Part.) 8. 8. 6. Pearce. Hinton.
Contentment encouraged by the Divine Promise.

1 LET ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
And mingle with the stars;
Then disappointed backward roll,
And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
With their presumptuous wars;

2 Let rebel angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God;
Then headlong from the ethereal height
Precipitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod;

3 [Let murmuring mortals too repine,
Arraign the providence divine,
And blame the decrees of heaven;
While passions strong, without control,
Disturb the agitated soul,
Enraged at what is given;]

4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
By grace renew'd, by heaven refined—
Indulge a murmuring thought?
Shall he who claims Jehovah's strength,
Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
Bemoan *his* present lot?

l 5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
Nor let the ungenerous thought arise,
Offspring of discontent:
e No! while my God, my Saviour, lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

6 Since he has said, 'I'll ne'er depart;'
I'll bind his promise to my heart,
f Rejoicing in his care;
This shall support, while here I live;
And when in glory I arrive,
I'll praise him for it there.

935. 217 (2d Part.) S. M. Watchman.

Faith, its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning Priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

936. 218 C. M. New York.
The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

f 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:—

5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
p And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
l And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

937. 219 L. M. Doddridge. Truro.
The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.

1 JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

f 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive:
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

f 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

938. 220 8's. Lambeth.
Faith fainting.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
v All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The rock that is higher than I:
s Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,—
'The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more.'

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant-blessing for me;
Ah! tell me how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art:
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
f Come, succour, and gladden my heart—
Let this be the day of thy power.

939. 221 8. 8. 6. Alderton.
Faith reviving.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief!—
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me!
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
s Which, Lord! was charged on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people owed;

How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely, in my room, endured
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand—
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great High-priest
Speak peace and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

940.

222 8's. Archdale.
Faith conquering.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, through Christ, can oppose—
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is:
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and load;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, O! let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer,
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

4 It says to the mountains, 'Depart,'
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole.

Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white,
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

941.

223 8's. Toplady. New Haven.
Faith triumphing

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,—
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,—
Not all things below, nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

942.

224 S. M. St. Thomas.
Weak Believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ, our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, 'for me.'

5 Tarry his leisure, then;
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

943. 225 L. M.
See 284.

944. 226 C. M. Doddridge. Arundel.
Being in the fear of God all the day long.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

3 Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,—
In solitude with thee.

7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;

And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

8 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past:
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

945. 227 C. M. Barby.

Fear of God. Prov. xiv. 26.

1 HAPPY beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The *child* with joy appears;
f Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

s 4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

946. 228 C. M. Watts. Woodland.

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 AM I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,—
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:
l They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

f 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

947. 229 L. M. Watts. Virginia.
Gravity and Decency.

1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood?
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys!

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind!
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

f 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with a heaven directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
l And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

948. 230 L. M. Chard.
Hope set before us.

1 AND be it so—that till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.

s 2 What shall we do? shall we lie down,
Sink in despair and groan and die?
And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

f 3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,—
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 Lord, we believe! O, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:
Lord, we repent! O, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

f 5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above,
With all the joys of hope divine!

949. 231 (1st Part.) L. M. Shoel.

Hope in Darkness.

1 O GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will *never* rise?

3 O, let me not despairing mourn!
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

949. 231 (2d Part.) H. M. Beddome. Bethe

Who can tell? or, hoping against Hope.

1 GREAT God! to thee I'll make
My griefs and sorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne:
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
I'll daily seek;—for, who can tell?

3 Endanger'd or distrest,
To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy powerful help,
And at thy footstool lie;
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait;—for, who can tell?

4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all serene;
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames;—but, who can tell?

f 5 Vile unbelief, begone:
Ye doubts swift fly away;
God hath an ear to hear,
While I've a heart to pray:
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever so;—and, who can tell?

950.

232 8. 8. 6. Rapture.

Hoping and Longing.

l 1 COME, Lord! and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,—
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But let us live to prove,
Thy people's rest, thy saint's delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below,
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5 O, when shall we at once go up!
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess:
p When shall we end our lingering years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—
An howling wilderness!

6 O glorious Saviour! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide;
And, O, with all the sanctified,
Give us a lot of love!

951. 233 L. M. Steele. **Avenue.**
View of the Divine Perfections.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand on which I live
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

e 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

f 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

952. 234 L. M. Steele. **Islington.**
Blessed are the Poor in Spirit. Matt. v. 3.

1 YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest!

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
f Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours!*—

f 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:

5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.

6 There shall your eyes with rapture view,
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

p 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer!
Reveal, confirm my interest there;
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know!

l 8 O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

953. 235 C. M. Lawton.

Humble pleading for Mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye
Thy favour we implore.

2 [On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.]

s 3 We sink—with all this weight oppress'd
Sink down to death and hell;
O give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.

p 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 O for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, soon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

954. 236 L. M. Beddome. Munich.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart:
O help me soon, or else I die.

2 Here on my soul a burden lies!
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise:
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3 Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains;
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

955. 237 7's. German Hymn.

A Prayer for Humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore

956. 238 L. M. Doddridge. Blendon.
Rejoicing in God.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

s 3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong! your valour trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,—
Elate with heaps of shining ore:

4 Glory, ye saints! in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find
In one Jehovah all combined;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

957. 239 S. M. Doddridge. Shirland.
Rejoicing in the Ways of God.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

l 5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

958. 240 7's. Cennick. Bath Abbey
Rejoicing in Hope. Isa xxxv. 10.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

l 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

f 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

p 6 Lord! submissive make us go,
l Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

959. 241 L. M. Cowper. Effingham.
Return of Joy.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

p 2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn)
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

p 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

960. 242 L. M.
Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.
See 1312.

961. 243 L. M. Doddridge. Park-street.
God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His presence gilds the world above,—
Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veil'd,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 'Let there be light,' Jehovah said!
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
f And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

l 5 Shine, mighty God! with vigour shine,
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

f 6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

962. 244 L. M. **Luton.**
One thing I know. John ix. 25.

1 DEAR Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,
'They shall of Israel's God be taught.'

2 Their plague of heart thy people know,
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the gospel's blissful sound,
The path where endless joys abound.

3 They know the Father and the Son;—
Theirs is eternal life begun:
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.

s 4 But—ignorance itself am I;
Born blind—estranged from thee I lie;
O Lord! to thee I humbly own
I *nothing* know as should be known.

p 5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within.
Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty?

s 6 But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot say,
'*One* thing I know,' all praise to thee,
'Though *blind* I was—yet now I *see.*'

963. 245 C. M. Fawcett. **Bedford.**
Knowledge at present imperfect.

1 THY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

s 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

f 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

964. 246 L. M. Old Hundred.
Liberality.

1 O, WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of Heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run!

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

p 4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

p 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompensed with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds—
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

965. 247 L. M. D. Turner. Lebanon
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.

1 YES, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name!

l Thy praises, through thy high abode
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

p 2 Freely thou gavest thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
And badest me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

f 3 In Him, thy reconciled face
With joy unspeakable I see,
And feel thy powerful wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish, wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

966. 248 C. M. Ryland. New Tun
Delight in God. Ps. xxxvii. 4.

1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend:
To thee in every trouble flee,—
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

p 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose words can never fail!

6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

s 7 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

967. 249 L. M. Watts. Newton
Love to Christ present or absent.

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest!
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

s 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
f Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

p 3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain;
And tears have their own sweetness too.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove;
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of our Love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face:
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

968.

250 7's. Newton. German Hymn.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame!
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 [Could my heart so hard remain,—
Prayer a task and burden prove,—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love!

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,—
Can I deem myself a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,—
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 [Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet:
If I did not love the Lord?]

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

969.

251 L. M. Watts. **Dresden.**

Desiring to love Christ.

1 COME, let me love! or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies?

2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

s 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
f He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt, and took my chains!

s 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,—
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

p 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood!
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

p 6 Again he lives! and spreads his hands,—
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart!
'By these dear wounds!' says he; and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;—
This heart shall yield to death, or love.

970. 252 C. M. Stennett. Woodland.
Profession of Love to Christ.

1 AND have I, Christ, no love to thee,—
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms!

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell?
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

s 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

p 5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

971. 253 8's. B. Francis. New Bedford.
Supreme Love to Christ.

l 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light;
f With saints and with seraphs to sing:
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God:

p O, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day!

4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd:
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again;
Perfection of glory reigns there:
This soul and this body shall shine
f In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasure divine
Where God his full beauty displays.

6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
f My joy everlastingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

972.

254 S. M. Fawcett. Shirland
Love to the Brethren.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

p 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:

But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

f 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

973.

255 S. M. Beddome. Dover

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

1 LET party names no more,
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

974.

256 L. M. Doddridge. Antigua.

The Heart purified by the Spirit.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame,
To all that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure;
Let every heart, and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial Dove, descend and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

975. 257 C M. Doddridge. Stonely.
The good Samaritan. Luke x. 29—37.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo!

p 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When throned above the skies;
And, midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

f 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

976. 258 C. M. Christmas.
Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murderers bare:
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

p 2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

f 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings—will repay.

977. 259 C. M. Stennett. Arundel.
All Attainments vain without Love.

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,

Still, O my God! I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good;
Nor zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were denied thy grace;
l My loudest words—my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

4 Though thou shouldst give me heavenly skill
Each mystery to explain;
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God!
As mountains to remove;
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 [What though to gratify my pride,
And make my heaven secure
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

7 What though my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame!

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]

9 O, grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

978. 260 S. M. Doddridge. Silver-street
The Meek beautified with Salvation. Ps. cxlix. 4.

1 YE humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing!
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For Jesus is your King!

p 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid!
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd!

l 4 Sing! for the day is nigh,
When near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.

5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

979. 261 C. M. Rochester

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast:
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart:
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is the zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love:
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

980.

262 L. M. Portugal.
Agur's wish. Prov. xxx.

1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
'My God, two favours I require;
In neither my request deny,
Vouchsafe them both before I die:

2 'Far from my heart and tents exclude
Those enemies to all that's good;
Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
And *Falsehood's* pestilential breath.

3 'Be neither wealth nor want my lot,
Below the dome, above the cot,
Let me my life unanxious lead;
And know no luxury nor need.'

4 Those wishes, Lord, *we* make our own
O, shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' exuberance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!

6 Or, should we feel the pains of want,
Submission, resignation, grant;
Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

981.

263 L. M. Sabaoth
Christian Patience. Luke xxi. 19.

1 PATIENCE!—O, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O, for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage o'er,—
We reach the shores of endless rest!

f 5 Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die:
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

982. 264 L. M. Beddome. Kingsbridge.
Patience.

1 DEAR Lord! though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Dash it with thy unchanging love,
Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

983. 265 C. M. Doddridge. Merider
God speaking Peace to his People.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts! unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

s 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For, lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

p 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

984. 266 L. M. 6 lines R. Hill. Eaton.
A Prayer for the promised Rest.

1 DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;

Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign;
A worm, by self and sin oppress,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

2 With holy fear, and reverend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne:
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promised rest.

3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee the promised rest.

4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws;
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
Give me to find thy promised rest.

5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O, may my heart, by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promised rest.

985. 267 C. M. Doddridge. Walsal.
God hath commanded all Men everywhere to repent.

1 'REPENT!' the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch, that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men,
His heralds are despatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach through all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear!

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;

Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

s 5 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days;
p Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

986. 268 (1st Part.) C. M. Doddridge. Bangor.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magnus turned into Prayer.

1 SEARCHER of hearts! before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If lurking in its inmost folds
I any sin conceal,
O, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!

3 If tinctured with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out th' accursed stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

986. 268 (2d Part.) L. M. Duke-street.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 LORD! shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

s 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But One can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

p 5 O, Breath of life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

987.

269 L. M. Doddridge. Antigua.

Christ exalted to give Repentance.

1 EXALTED Prince of life! we own
The royal honours of thy throne,
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine
And temper majesty divine.

l 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide may the cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.—

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive;
Thine Israel shall repent and live:
l And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

988.

270 7's. Stennett. Evening Hymn

Penitential Sighs.

1 FATHER! at thy call I come:
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.

p 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan!—
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah! how foolish I have been,
To obey the voice of sin—

To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

s 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrows o'er me roll;
p Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

5 But may such a wretch as I,—
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smiled upon by Heaven?

6 May I round thee cling and twine
Call myself a child of thine,
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?

7 Yes, I may! for I espy
p Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do,
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

f 9 Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why, O, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

989.

271 C. M. Stennett. Came
The Penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

s 2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

p 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed.—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

990.

272 C. M. Steele. York

Penitence and Hope.

1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid!
Ah! vile ungrateful heart,
By earth's low cares detain'd,—betray'd
From Jesus to depart.—

3 From Jesus—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

p 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

f 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind—how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

991.

273 L. M. Beddome. Wells

The prodigal Son. Luke xv. 32.

1 THE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray;
And mercy bears their sins away.

p 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;

He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

f 4 Thus what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn!

992.

274 C. M. Beddome. Windsor

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

1 WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God?

3 Lord, let me weep for naught but sin!
And after none but thee!
And then I would—O, that I might!—
A constant weeper be!

993.

275 C. M. Cowper. Wy[illegible]

The contrite Heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

p 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, 'My strength renew'
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

994. 276 C. M. Beddome. **Hartland.**
Resignation; or, God our Portion.

s 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall:
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

995. 277 C. M. Cowper. **Georgia.**
Submission.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

996. 278 C. M. Steele. Tunbridge.
Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father, God!'
Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

f 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 'My Father.'—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

997. 279 C. M. Greene. Barby
It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And, of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load—
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

f 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire!

l 8 And can my soul with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

998. 280 C. M. Cambridge.

Self-denial; or, taking up the Cross.

1 ASHAMED of Christ! my soul, disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought:
Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross—
For us despised the shame.

3 At *his* command we must take up
Our cross without delay;
Our lives—a thousand lives of ours—
Can ne'er his love repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly,—
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

999. 281 C. M. Dundee.
Self-denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

s 2 Yes, let it go!—One look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives—
How worthless they appear
Compared with thee, supremely good!
Divinely bright and fair!

f 4 Saviour of our souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

1000. 282 C. M.
Prayer for quickening Grace.

See 1313.

1001. 283 S. M. Beddome. Watchman.
Sincerity desired.

1 IF secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine;
Purge out, O God! that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.

2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
O, tear the infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone.

3 Is any lust conceal'd?
Bring it to open view:
Search, search, dear Lord! my inmost soul,
And all its powers renew.

1002. 284 (1st Part.) C. M. Fawcett. Rochester
Spiritual Mindedness.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;

Nor reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

p 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear:
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

f 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies!

1002. 284 (2d Part.) C. M. Stevens.
Godliness profitable. 1 Tim. iv. 8.

1 HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
From godliness which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show.

2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.

3 God, for himself hath set apart
The godly whom he loves;
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.

4 [There is a rich and free reward,
The eye of faith descries,
Reserved for all, who fear the Lord,
Above the starry skies.]

5 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
Christ will on such bestow;
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,
The fruits of glory grow.

1003. 285 C. M. Tate. Victory

Encouragement to trust and love God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 O, make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their need supplied.

1004. 286 (1st Part.) L. M. New Bedford.

Trust and Confidence.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil—
The empty stall no herd afford—
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet, I will triumph in the Lord!—
The God of my salvation praise!

f 3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place:
My Saviour *will* at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face:
Though now my prospects all be cross'd—
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope—believing against hope—
His promised mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
f My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

1004.

286 (2d Part.) L. M. Alton.
All things working for Good.

s 1 TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
Will, through the grace of God, our friend,
In everlasting triumphs end!

2 To those who him sincerely love,
All penal evils blessings prove;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress
f Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise;
Midst earth and hell's opposing powers,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

1005.

287 (1st Part.) L. M. Dresden.
Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?

p 2 Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.

p 4 I own my guilt; my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

s 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
f 'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

p 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

1005. 287 (2d Part.) C. M. Mear.

Trust encouraged by the Promise.

1 IF God is mine, then present things,
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.

l 5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6 O, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,
When all the *streams* are dried.

1006. 288 (1st Part.) C. M. Beddome. Medfield.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good:
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,—
And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.

6 You, in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

1006. 288 (2d Part.) C. M. Windsor.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

1 DEAR Lord! why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassion ne'er remove,
Although thou hide thy face.

f 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd;
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?

3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine!

4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?

f 5 Lord! let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd:
I'll *praise* for blessings I enjoy,
And *trust* for all the rest.

1007.

289 8. 8. 6. Jesse. Beulah.

Fears removed.

p 1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more powerful came,
'Tis I,' he cried, 'I, still the same;
Thou need'st not be afraid.'

3 My heart was changed; in that same hour
My soul confess'd his mighty power;
Out flow'd the briny tear:
I listen'd still to hear his voice;
Again he said, 'In me rejoice;
'Tis I;—thou need'st not fear.'

4 'Unworthy of thy love!' I cried:
'Freely I love,' he soon replied,
'On me thy faith be stay'd:
On me for every thing depend;
I'm Jesus still, the sinners' friend,—
Thou need'st not be afraid.'

1008.

290 10's and 11's. Newton. Oporto.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

p 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

f 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
l 7 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

1009. 291 L. M. Castellow.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace—
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, 'the Saviour died for me'—
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared with her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends:
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

5 Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns!
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one

1010. 292 L. M. Doddridge. St. Paul's.

Zeal for Christ. John xxi. 18—20.

1 BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield th. 'r liberty and breath
To him that loved their souls in death!

2 Lead me to suffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord! art nigh:
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.

3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its tremblings into praise.

4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,—
'I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;'
Yet, in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

1011. 293 (1st Part.) C. M. Beddome. Boxford.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

f 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion without zeal and love
Is but an empty name.

f 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

1011. 293 (2d Part.) C. M. Irish.

Zeal for God.

1 IF duty calls, and suffering too,
My Lord! I'd follow thee;
As thou hast done, so would I do;
As thou art, would I be.

f 2 With zeal inflamed, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

4 Depending on thy sovereign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

f 5 O let me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed!
God's Word, his Spirit, and his Grace,
Do all to duty lead.

6 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell?
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

7 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King should be
Both trusted and obey'd

THE CHRISTIAN.

1012. 294 (1st Part.) L. M. Fawcett. **Bath.**
What must I do to be saved?

p 1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh:
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

e 4 How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!

Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
'O save a wretch condemn'd to die!'

1012. 294 (2d Part.) C. M. Arlington.

The great Question answered.

1 IS there, in heaven or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor leperous sinner clean?
Redeem a helpless slave?

e 2 Who can appease an angry God?—
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
May ease and safety find?

3 Yes! there is One, who dwells on high,
That can do this and more;
A Being of unbounded love
And uncontrolled power—

4 *Immanuel* is his name; who once,
Upon th' accursed tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd to him flee.

f 5 But now he lives—he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.

p 6 Jesus! I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie;
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
And I shall never die.

1013. 295 8. 7. D. Turner. Suppliant.

Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See! I languish, faint, and die.

Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]

4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

f 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee all things inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.]

7 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter, to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
Here's a soul that perish'd suing
'For the boasted Saviour's aid:

l 10 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love!

1014. 296 (1st Part.) 7's. Pleyel's Hymn.

Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear!
My requests vouchsafe to hear:
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
p Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son!
f Jesus! to thine arms I fly;
Come and save me, or I die.

1014. 296 (2d Part.) C. M. London

Help me, my God—O save me. Ps. cix. 26.

1 HELP and salvation, Lord! I crave;
For *both* I greatly need:
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.

2 *Help* me thy glories to behold;
Thy loveliness to see:
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the Deity.

3 [*Help* me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize:
Save from impenitence, and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]

4 *Help* me to cleave to Christ alone!
Where else can sinners fly?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.

5 *Help* me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian's daily food:

Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.

6 *Help* me to do thy holy will;
Let duty Bliss dispense:
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.

7 *Help* me to persevere in grace;
Still gladly following on;
Save me from each backsliding path
To which my heart is prone.

8 [*Help*, in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find:
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.

9 *Help*, in adversity to bow
My neck to bear the yoke:
Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.]

10 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin:
Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.

11 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy:
Save me from all the ills of life,—
The dread of death destroy.

1015. 297 (1st Part.) L. M. Doddridge. **Brentford.**
Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

l 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

f 4 If thou, my Jesus! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

1015. 297 (2d Part.) 8. 8. 6. Broadmead.
Admiring the Love of God in Christ.

1 MY God! thy boundless love we praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below?
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flowery robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale:
f 'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er every vale.

3 But, in thy gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast;
There, Love immortal leaves the sky,
p To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiven:
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heaven.

f 5 Then, in redeeming Love rejoice,
My soul! and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies:
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire—
And seize th' eternal prize.

1016. 298 (1st Part.) S. M. Doddridge. From
Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring
Which thine own hand prepared.

2 We own thy various claim;
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

f 3 Descend, celestial fire!
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise,
Through our Redeemer's name.

1016. 298 (2d Part.) S. M. Watchman.
Difficulties the Occasion of Prayer.

1 LIKE Israel, Lord, am I!
My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, a host behind.
And rocks on either hand.

2 O Lord! I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey:
Bid me advance; and, through the sea,
Create a new-made way.

p 3 Without thee I must sink
Beneath the swelling flood,
Or fall a prey to those who think
To glut them with my blood.

4 The time of greatest straits,
Thy chosen time has been
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.

5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's seed.

6 Thy power is still the same;
On thee I would rely;
Wilt thou not answer to thy name
To such a worm as I?

f 7 O, send deliverance down!
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

1016. 298 (3d Part.) L. M. Paul's.
Renouncing the moral Law as a Covenant of Life, but admiring it as a Rule of Conduct.

1 WHEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfied:
Its awful penalties he bore!
It can command, but curse no more.

2 He having suffer'd in their stead,
The law in covenant form is dead,

But rules them with a gentle sway;
And they, with sweet delight, obey.

3 Amazing love!—how rich, how free!
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence the holiest duties flow
Of saints above, and saints below.

1017. 299 (1st Part.) L. M. Stennett. Portugal.
Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost.

p 1 AND will th' offended God again,
Return and dwell with sinful man?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

f 2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest.
Lift up your heads, ye powers within
And let the King of Glory in.

l 3 Enter with all thy heavenly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace:
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all.

1017. 299 (2d Part.) C. M. New Y
Imploring the Presence of God.

1 LORD! let me see thy beauteous face
It yields a heaven below;
And angels round the throne will say
'Tis all the heaven they know.

2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

1017. 299 (3d Part.) L. M. Antigua
Happy in the Salvation of God.

1 INDULGENT God! to thee I raise
My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.

3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.

4 I taste—delight succeeds to wo;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptured there,—

5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

f 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

1018.

300 8. 8. 6. Garden Hymn.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already saved from self-design,
From every creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise!

I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,—
A country in the skies.

5 There is my house and portion fair:
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay;
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

f 6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
e Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now—O, my Saviour, brother, friend!
Receive me to thy breast!

1019.

301 7. 6. Amsterdam
The Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace:
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
l Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
f Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

1020.

302 C. M. Doddridge. Christmas.
Running the Christian Race.

l 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

f 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

s 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

1021. 303 L. M. Stennett. Monmouth.
The Christian Warfare.

l 1 MY Captain sounds th' alarm of war:
'Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms!' I hear him cry,
''Tis yours to conquer or to die!'

f 2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

s 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

1022. 304 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Grove.
The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

1 JESUS! at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest:
f My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

p 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven—my destined place!
l Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

1023. 305 7's. Hotham.

Tempted—but flying to Christ for Refuge.

p 1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll—
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.

All my *trust* on thee is stay'd;
All my *help* from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of thee!
f Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

1024. 306 (1st Part.) L. M. Doddridge. Truro.
The Christian's Temptations moderated.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
And still in him let Israel trust.

1024. 306 (2d Part.) 7's. Cowper. H
Welcoming the Cross.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss;

Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil;
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not—would not if he might.

1025. 307 L. M. Stennett. Effingham.

The Ministry of Angels.

1 GREAT God! what hosts of angels stand,
In shining ranks, at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

s 2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do:
f What joy their active spirits feel,
To execute their Sovereign's will!

f 4 Hither at his command they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

5 Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.

6 Herod attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a Peter with his chain:

At one soft word an angel speaks,
The massy chain asunder breaks.]

7 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

1026. 308 C. M. Steele. **Walsal**

Walking in Darkness, and trusting in God.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone;
And when my joys arise!

2 My God,—O could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend!

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

1027. 309 S. M. **Stoke.**

The Good that I would, I do not.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

p 2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine.
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be:
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I *would*,
Though I *can* nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

1028. 310 L. M. Beddome. Lutor.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent the unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

p 5 With flowing tears Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

1029.

311 L. M. Stennett. Kingsbridge.

Pride lamented.

1 OFT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty, wretched worm,
Put on an angel's brightest form.

3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And, while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.

5 So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his loved abode.

1030.

312 C. M. Stennett. Georgia

Pleading with God under Affliction.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;

Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

1031. 313 7. 6. 8. Tottenham Court.

The Backslider's Prayer.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye,
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me by all its freeness shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

p 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was closed that we might live;
'Father, (at the point to die
My Saviour gasp'd,) forgive!'
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, 'Tis done!'
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

1032. 314 C. M. Fawcett. Bangor.
Peter's Fall and Recovery.

1 HOW did the powers of darkness rage
Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's power!
E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.

5 At length the suffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes!
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble prayer;
If I am found in *Peter's* case,
I would not still despair.

7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wandering soul restore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

1033. 315 C. M. Newton. Peterboro
O that I were as in months past!

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

p 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face!
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O, come without delay!

1034. 316 C. M. Steele. Woodland.

Troubled, but making God a Refuge.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee, I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:

O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

1035. 317 C. M. Doddridge. Victory
Persecution to be expected.

1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.

2 A victory glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend
And death itself sustain!

3 By our illustrious General fired,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepared to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, our Lord, be near.

4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

1036. 318 8. 7. 4. Fawcett. Greenville.
Cast down, yet hoping in God. Ps. xliii. 5.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

f 5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

1037.

319 C. M. Arlington.
The Request.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee:

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

1038.

320 C. M. Steele. Slade
Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

p 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

f 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

1039.

321 L. M. Newton. Rippon
Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried:
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'
''Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith!

7 'These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free:
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

1040.

322 L. M. Doddridge. Old Hundred.
Growing in Grace. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad;
For all thy influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love:

2 Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies,
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

s 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form?

f 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

f 6 And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

1041.

323 L. M. Duke-stre

Rising to God.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys?
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

1042. 324 L. M. Fawcett. Saxony.
Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known:
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God!
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

1043. 325 S. M. Doddridge. Sutton.
Waiting for the coming of his Lord.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command:
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

1044. 326 L. M. Park
Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise
For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

f 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmoved their terrors we'll survey,
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.

4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight;
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better life.

1045. 327 L. M. Doddridge. Bath.
The Believer committing his Spirit to Jesus.

1 O THOU, that hast redemption wrought,
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought,
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.

f 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
l With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.

3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

p 4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes:
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine omnipotence to save.

5 O may our spirits, by thy hand,
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain

6 In raptures there, divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display.

1046. 328 C. M. Doddridge. **Dundee.**
The Christian Warrior animated and crowned.

s 1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

l 2 'Fight on, my faithful band,' he cries,
'Nor fear the mortal blow:
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.

3 'I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid:
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 'That throne, that glory you shall share,
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God himself shall live.'

f 5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fired
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

1047. 329 L. M. Doddridge. **Bath.**
Retirement and Meditation. Ps. iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more,
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

f 4 Then with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

1048.

330 L. M. Beddome. Eaton.
Reading the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To soothe the sorrows of my mind.

2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page;
Of threatenings find an ample store,
But naught that can my grief assuage.

3 And is there naught? Forbid, dear Lord,
So base a thought should e'er arise:
I'll search again; and, while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!

f 4 'Tis done: and, with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspired lines;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.

5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
Here's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every festering sore.

1049.

331 L. M. Davies. Dundee.
Self-examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
s What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas! approved and clear.

s 2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart, appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd, and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought and word, and action shine?

p 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread,
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.

f 6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live.
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

1050. 332 C. M. Melfield.
Secret Prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night:
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless,
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

PAUSE.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

1051. 333 C. M. Bedford.
Going to a new Habitation.

1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

1052. 334 L. M. Steele. Dunstan
The Christian's noblest Resolution.

AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin;
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

f 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

1053. 335 L. M. Doddridge. Portugal.
Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace.
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

1054. 336 S. M. Eagle-street.
Prayer for Infants.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace
And sing their dying Lord.

1055. 337 C. M. Doddridge. Addison.
Christ's condescending Regard to little Children

1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 [Ye little flock with pleasure hear:
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.]

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1056. 338 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Francis. Clapham.
On opening a Place of Worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord!

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

1057. 339 L. M. Doddridge. Luton
On opening a Place of Worship.

1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace,

Nor dare tumultuous foes invade
To fill our worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And, in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

1058. 340 C. M. Newton. Addison

On opening a Place for social Prayer.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

f 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

1059. 341 S. M. Stennett. Shirland

The Pleasure of social Worship.

1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
f Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

1060. 342 7's. Turner. German.
The Excellency of public Worship.

[LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

f 4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

1061. 343 L. M. Steele. Green's Hundredth.
The Happiness of humble Worship.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2 O blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

f 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

s 5 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere:
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.

l 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

1062. 344 L. M. Leeds.

Delight in God's House, and Confidence in him.

1 THOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright;
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask, that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend;

f 3 There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.

4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart,
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall life and strength afford:
O, ever wait upon the Lord!

1063. 345 S. M. Watts. Silver-street.
Forms vain without Religion.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name;
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

l 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too:
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Cursed pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

f 6 Let joy and worship spend,
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

1064. 346 L. C. M. Merrick. Baltimore
Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship.

f 1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Hither, from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;

Their offerings hither bring:
Here eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

3 Be peace implored, by each, on thee,
O Sion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray;
How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend:
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store!

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
To bless thy loved abode!
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God?

1065. 347 7's. D. Turner. Sicilian.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer.

1 HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

2 Man, involved in guilt and wo,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the great deliverer stands:

3 Cries to God, 'Thy mercy show;
Lo! I come thy will to do!
I the sacrifice will be,
Death shall plunge his dart in me.'

4 Though the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in power,
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

5 [He that heaven itself possess'd,
Now an infant at the breast!
Angels, from the world above,
See and sing th' amazing love!]

6 Through the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witness oft his midnight prayer.

p 7 Now the heavenly Lover dies!
Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
Angels round the bloody tree
Throng, and gaze in ecstasy.

e 8 [Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
Rocks and tombs asunder cleave;
While the Temple's rending veil,
Tells the priest the awful tale.]

f 9 But, the third day's dawning come,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
Reascends his native sky,
Where he lives, no more to die.

10 On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give
Dying sinners grace to live.

1066.

348 L. M. J. Stennett. Surry.

The Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest.
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies:
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

p 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

f 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past:
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

1067. 349 H. M. or 6's and 8's. Bethesda.

A Hymn for Lord's-day Morning.

l 1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise!

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends

l 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
'Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.'

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart;
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

1068. 350 C. M. New York.

Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's-day.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

p 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

l 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ,
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

1069. 351 (1st Part.) C. M. Cennick. Irish.
Lord's-day Evening.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between.

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 [Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

p 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

1069. 351 (2d Part.) L. M. Watts. Effingham.
Lord's-day Evening.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

1070. 352 L. M. Duke-street.
The eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above,
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares shall break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

1071. 353 L. M. Cowper. Surry
Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hinderances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there!

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side:
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

s 5 Have you no words?—ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

f 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

1072. 354 7's. Harts.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

p 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee?

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

p 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This imboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

1073. 355 C. M. Jones. Walsal
The successful Resolve. Esth. iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose:

p 3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace:

4 'I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch.
And then the suppliant lives.

5 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 'I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.'

1074. 356 S. M. Eagle-street
A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing?
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, 'Jesus died.'

1075. 357 L. M. Beddome. Luton

Holy Boldness.

1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
f I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay,
l With courage sing, with fervour pray;
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on the accursed tree
Expired to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

1076. 358 8. 8. 6. J. Straphan. Ald

The Lord's Prayer. Matt. vi. 9—13.

1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O! condescend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend;
And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh suppply,
If thou withhold thy hand we die,
And fill the silent tomb.

p 4 Pardon our sins, O God, that rise,
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
And malice harbour in that breast,
That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power,
O! set our spirits free:
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,
All glory to thy name:
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise,
Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

1077. 359 L. M. Stennett. Portugal.
To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.'

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

1078. 360 C. M. Barby.
1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 IN vain Apollos' silver tongue,
And Paul's with strains profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng
The gospel's gladdening sound.

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sovereign grace divine
Each stubborn soul subdue.

1079. 361 (1st Part.) L. M. Eaton.
Before Sermon.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:

Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread:
Chor. Thus, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Chor. Thus, &c.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day:
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

1079. 361 (2d Part.) L. M. Gould.
Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God.

p 1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee:
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

f 2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

1080. 362 C. M. Beddome. Peterboro.
The Freeness of the Gospel.

p 1 HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.

3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

4 Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue;
What you are willing to receive,
Doth unto you belong.

1081. 363 7's. Cookham.
A Blessing humbly requested.

p 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

f 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
l Let us all rejoice in thee.

1082. 364 L. M. Park-street
The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, a helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

f 3 Thou covenant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

p 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole:
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

1083.

365 8. 7. 4. Calvary.

Prayer for Minister and People.

1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel-feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promised rest.

1084.

366 L. M. Shoel.

Casting the Gospel-net.

1 NOW, while the gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.

p 4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

1085.

367 S. M. Beddome. Stoke.

He beheld the city, and wept over it.
John xix. 41.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep;
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

1086.

368 8. 7. 4. Greenfield.

A Blessing requested.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's design'd to give:
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live!

1087.

339 H. M. Amherst.

Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35—38.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face;
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 Jesus, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now thy pardoning love.

1088.

370 L. M. Beddome. Old Hundred.

Thy kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
l Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

1089. 371 L. M. Islington
Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
f Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

l 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

1090. 372 C. M. New York
The Parable of the Sower.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

f 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;
'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.'

1091. 373 6's and 8's. **Bethesda.**

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

1092. 374 L. M. **Monmouth.**
The Spread of the Gospel. Matt. vi. 10.

1 TO distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend;
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace! salvation show.

2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
Thy name, O God! immortalize;
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

1093. 375 C. M. **Dundee.**
Duties and Privileges. Jude 20, 21.

1 WHILE sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame:

2 Ye saints preserved in Christ, and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith,
A heavenly temple raise.

3 Upon the Spirit's promised aid
Depend from day to day,
And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher and still higher blaze,
Till it ascend the skies.

f 5 With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

1094. 376 (1st Part.) C. M. **Bray.**
Now is the accepted Time.

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;

This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God loved the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

1094. 376 (2d Part.) L. M. Fountain
The convinced Sinner encouraged.

1 WHO is the trembling sinner, who,
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
Hear, Jesus speaks, Be of good cheer;
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

1095. 377 (1st Part.) L. M. Stennett. Blendon.
Acceptance through Christ alone. John xiv. 6.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar!
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

1095. 377 (2d Part.) 7's. Hotham.
The Pleasures of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

1096. 378. L. M. Antigua.
Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 IS Jesus mine! I'm now prepared
To meet with what I thought most hard,

Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow,

2 No blasted trees or failing crops
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Though creatures change, the Lord's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

1097.

379 7's. 6 lines. Turin.
Help. Hos. xiii. 9.

p SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above;
Help me to believe, obey;
Help me to repent, and love;
Help me to keep the graces given;
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

1098.

380 C. M. St. Martin's.
Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE Felix, clothed with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucified.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

f 3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
'Go, for this time away,
I'll hear thee on these points again,
On some convenient day.'

4 Attention to the words of life,
Let Felix thus adjourn;
Lord, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

1099.

381 S. M. Shirland.
Jabez's Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 'O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me, his servant, bless,
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace!

2 'Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land,
My portion he divide.'

1100. 382 (1st Part.) C. M. Milton
Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness.

p 1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear:

2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!

f 3 Or, if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length.

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all comprised in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

1100. 382 (2d Part.) C. M. Bedford
Good Hope united with Gratitude.

1 IF, Lord, in thy fair book of life,
My worthless name doth stand;
And in my heart the law is writ,
By thine unerring hand;

2 I am secure by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies,
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies.

f 3 To thee, in sweet melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise;
But life's too short, my power's too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.

4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

1101. 383 (1st Part.) 10's and 11's. Hanover.
Praise for Salvation.

1 OUR Saviour alone, the Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God.

t 2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace,
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide;
O never remove thy presence nor hide
Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
With joy the blest vision completed in thee.

1101.

383 (2d Part.) L. M. Limehouse.
Gratitude to Christ.

1 TO Him, who on the fatal tree,
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.

2 To listening multitudes I'll tell
How he redeem'd my soul from hell,
And how, reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares, and found my rest.

3 Through him my sins are all forgiven,
He ever pleads my cause in heaven,
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

1102.

384 (1st Part.) C. M. Geneva.
Not unto us. Ps. cxv. 1.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
l Our hallelujahs bring.

f 3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
p Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne
We'll give thee nobler praise.

1102. 384 (2d Part.) C. M. **Braintree.**

Joying and glorying in the Lord.

1 YE saints of every rank, with joy
To God your offerings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflamed,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

l 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know,
How *great* the Master whom you serve,
And yet how *gracious* too.

1103. 385 L. M. **Wilton.**

Our God for ever and ever. Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

1104. 386 C. M. Cennick. **Devizes.**

Christ the Burden of the Song.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

1105. 387 6. 4. Bermondsey

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud, evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord, and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load:
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What though we change our place
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the host above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb.

1106.

388 L. M. Hart. Duke-street.
At Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release
And bid us all depart in peace.

1107.

389 8. 7. 4. Greenfield.
At Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
p O refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
f Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise. and reign in endless day!

1108.

390 C. M. Mea
Sanctification and Growth.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' imprisoning grave,
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save:

2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built:

3 Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray;
l With glory let his name be crown'd,
Through heaven's eternal day!

1109. 391 L. M. Brewer.
The Peace of God shall keep.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:
2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

1110. 392 S. 7. Newton. Cannon-street.
May the grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

1111. 393 C. M. Cambridge.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity possest,
Be equal honours given.

1112. 394 S. M. Beddome. Silver-street.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

1113. 395 L. M. Bp. Ken. Old Hundred.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1114. 396 10's and 11's, or 5's and 6's. Sussex

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

1115. 397 (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4. Greenfield.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore;
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

1115. 397 (2d Part.) 8. 8. 6. or L. C. M. Alderton

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

THE WORLD.

1116. 398 L. M. Blackmore. Leeds.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

1 WHAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great!
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.

p 3 If wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?

f 4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,

With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?

5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour, when we need it most?

e 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar,
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant;
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

1117. 399 C. M. Stennett. York.
Vanity of the World. Ps. iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
'Who will supply our vast desires,
Or show us any good?'

f 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth,
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit:
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

f 5 O let the glories of thy face,
Upon my bosom shine;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

1118. 400 C. M. Needham. St. Ann's.
The rich Fool surprised.

1 DELUDED souls! who think to find
A solid bliss below;

Bliss, the fair flower of paradise,
On earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish wretch is pleased,
T' increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

3 'What shall I do?' distrest he cries;
'This scheme will I pursue;
My scanty barns shall now come down,
I'll build them large and new:

4 'Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
My soul to take its ease:
Eat, drink, be glad; my lasting store
Shall give what joys I please.'

s 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
Th' Almighty made reply:
'For whom dost thou provide, thou fool!
This night thyself shalt die.'

6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream;
And may I seek my bliss alone
In thee, the good Supreme!

1119.

401 C. M. Georgia.

The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of one Soul. Mark viii. 36.

1 LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show!
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss
In everlasting wo!

2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy;
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy:
And rate our precious souls too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

1120.

402 L. M. Watts. Leyden.

The Farewell.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, mine ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

s 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

l 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good;
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

1121. 403 C. M. Lo
The Stability and Glory of Zion.

1 SAY, who is she, that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides:

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs;
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings:

s 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd
f All ardent for the foe!

5 This is the Church by heaven array'd,
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

1122. 404 L. M. Steele. Effingham.

Christ the Joy of his People.

1 THE wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd;
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That show'd the great Messiah born;

2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desired,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspired,
f And raptured, saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine:

4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

p 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

f 6 'Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
l Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

1123. 405 C. M. Doddridge. Barby.

Asking the Way to Zion. Jer. l. 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

f 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

4 O come and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

1124. 406 6's and 8's. Doddridge. **Lenox.**

At the forming a Church.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, to thee we come,
And find our home and rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father—King—thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine,
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise from flames of love,
And God approve the sacrifice.

f 5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir of Zion's hill.

1125. 407 L. M. Doddridge. **Arnheim**

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' Apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;

In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

s 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live;
While guarded by his potent hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

f 6 Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow
l Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

1126. 408 L. M. Old Hundred.

On sending a Member into the Ministry.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne
Array'd in majesty unknown:
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the seraphim adored,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

p 3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name?
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

4 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, 'Thy servant's here.'

f 5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though every effort seem in vain;
It ample recompense shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

1127. 409 L. M. Doddridge. Wells.

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

p 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servant's groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn:
May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee.

1128. 410 C. M. Doddridge. Christmas.
Watching for souls. An Ordination Hymn.

l 1 LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego:—
For souls which must for ever live,
In raptures or in wo.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear!

5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see:
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

1129. 411 L. M. Doddridge. Portugal.
The Goodness of God in giving Pastors.
*At the Settlement of a Minister.**

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;

* See Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.

And, by the fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house:
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the Shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And bless this tribute of our praise.

1130. 412 C. M. Doddridge. Knaresboro
Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches.

1 WE bless th' eternal Source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And through this dark beclouded world
Diffuseth rays divine.

2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are:
Fix'd in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preserved;
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep characters inscribed,
Our heavenly Master's name!

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

1131. 413 L. M. Limehouse.
On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell,
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our wo-fraught hearts relief.

3 Though we have sinn'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

4 Avert the swift-descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,

Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.

5 Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save:
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

p 6 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

7 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can naught prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
To mourn our much-loved leader lost:

8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way;
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him through the dreary shade.

e 9 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

1132. 414 C. M. Arlington.

At a Minister's leaving his People.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But Jesus made them all amends
And wiped their tears away.

f 2 In heaven they met again with joy,
(Secure no more to part,)
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here:
The preachers who have told you all
Shall stand approved and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view:
O! hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

1133. 415 L. M. Luton.
*The People's Prayer for their Minister.**

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him† whom we now to thee commend
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

1134. 416 L. M. Gibbons. Magdalene.
The Pastor's Wish for his People.

1 MY brethren, from my heart beloved,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness:
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchased by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

* See also hymn (in Rippon's Selection) 420, first, second, and third parts.

† The pronouns in this hymn, if necessary, may be read in the plural, '*them*,' &c. &c.

5 Such *is* your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

1135. 417 L. M. Duke-street.
At a Choice of Deacons. 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

1 FAIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,*
Of such whose prudent, generous zeal
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread,—
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread:

4 [When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd
While patience, sympathy and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.]

5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee!

6 And when the work to them assign'd,
The work of love is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

1136. 418 (1st Part.) 8. 7. Carlisle.
Glorious things spoken of Zion, the city of God.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:

* If this hymn be sung before the choice, then the second line of the second verse may stand thus:

'For wisdom to direct our choice.'

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 [See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.]

f 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

1136. 418 (2d Part.) L. M. **Wareham.**

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 [We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blissful day,

When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.]

3 Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserved, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
(Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,)
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

l 5 In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
And *every man*, and *every face*,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

1136. 418 (3d Part.) L. M. Chard.
The approaching Fall of Babylon predicted.

1 PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom,
Nor can her *tottering* palace fall,
Till some blest messenger arise
The spacious heathen world to call.

f 2 And see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty angel fly,
The gospel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the sky!

3 O see, on both the India's coast,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore:

4 [See while the joyful truth is told
'That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
That guilty souls might be forgiven.'

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd, attentive eye:
And hear him ask, 'For wretched me,
Did this divine Redeemer die?

6 'Ah! why have ye so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this?
Go now, let *every sinner* hear,
And share in such exalted bliss.']

f 7 The islands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the sacred sound;
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
Cast all their idols to the ground.

l 8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
Thy cursed foundation shall give way,
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display.

1136. 418 (4th Part.) L. M. **Devotion.**
Invitation to propagate the Gospel.

1 GO, missionaries, and proclaim,
The kind Redeemer you have found:
Publish his ever-precious name
To all the wondering nations round.

2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—*a freedom bought with blood,*
The blood of an incarnate God.

3 And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—*with a refreshing stream*
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go, tell on India's golden shores,
The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan,
That to *enrich their deathless mind,*
You come—the friends of God and man.

5 Tell *all* the distant isles afar
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—*a glorious light to show,*
You come—*their souls to seek and save.*

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love;
And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

1136. 418 (5th Part.) L. M. **New Haven.**
Neglect in spreading the Gospel, reproved.

1 'GO,' said the voice of heavenly Love,
'My gospel preach to every land;
Lo! I am with you to the end,
Observe and follow my command.'

2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever-gracious news,
As they from him received in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews:

3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace,
To this distinguish'd country came.

g 4 But, ah! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found?
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart-reviving sound?

5 To *us* their duty they bequeathed;
And left the promise on record;
And, had our ardour equall'd theirs,
The same had been our blest reward.

6 [We too had multitudes beheld
Forsake the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their *yet* benighted realms pervade.]

7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel.

1137. 419 (1st Part.) L. M. Surry.

Encouragement to use Means.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a *harvest* to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow:
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

f 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,

Till north and south, and east and west.
Shall, as America, be blest.

6 Invite the *globe* to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

l 7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.]

8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
'And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew,'
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

1137. 419 (2d Part.) C. M. Irish
The Increase of the Church promised.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run!

2 'Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores,
Thine empire shall advance.'

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn, and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exemption given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored!
l Europe, with all thy millions, shout,
Hosannas to thy Lord.

l 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim.

1138. 420 (1st Part.) C. M. Woodland.

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freedmen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace!

6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 *Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays:
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this hymn, in substance, were written off Margate, by Mr. William Ward, one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends
In safety o'er the deep:
Let the rough tempest speed their way,
Or bid its fury sleep.]

9 Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banian's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shaster spread,
Bid Brahmans preach the word;

* Verses 7, 9, and 10, of this hymn, may be sung alone

And may all India's tribes become
One *Caste* to serve the Lord.

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power,
Then thousands shall confess its sway
And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming Paradise.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart,

s 14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore:
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.

15 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

16 *Amen*, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

1138. 420 (23 Part.) L. M. Bath.

A Blessing on Missions and Missionaries requested.

1 WHERE'ER the blustering north wind blows,
And spreads its frost or fleecy snows;
Where'er the sun, with quickening ray,
Shines all abroad and gives the day.

2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
Dart forth their beams and gild the night,
There may his heralds loud proclaim
The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name.

3 For works so pleasing, so benign,
Lord, grant thy influence divine,
Till all 'the spacious globe around,'
'With' raptured 'songs of praise resound.'

1138. 420 (3d Part.) S. M. Silver-street.
*Missionaries addressed and encouraged.**

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey.
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

f 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success—
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

1138. 420 (4th Part.) C. M. B. v.
The wonder-working God invoked for his Church. Isa. li. 9.

l 1 AWAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought,
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

2 Art thou not it, which Rahab slew?
And crush'd the dragon's head?
Constrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew,
From their accustom'd bed.

3 Again thy wonted prowess show
Be thou made bare again;
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

1139. 421 (1st Part.) L. M. Rochford
Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

1 HOW many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more?

See also hymn 415.

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast:
And ever since, his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.

l 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee!

f 4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou thine angels and command,
'Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow,
Salvation to the saints below.'

5 We want to have the day appear!
The promised great Sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
l Lord, sound the trump of jubilee!

1139. 421 (21 Part.) L. M. Portugal.
Prayer to God for his special Interposition in spreading the Gospel. Zech. ix. 13—16.

1 'HOW' long, O God, 'has man been driven'
Far off from happiness and heaven!
'When wilt thou' graciously 'restore,'
Thy banish'd sons, to rove no more?

2 For near six thousand years thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With ravening wolves encompass'd round.

3 Shall not the Lamb who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and God restore?

4 From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant must to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race,
To furnish trophies of his grace.

l 5 Exert that power which could subdue
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become
Victorious over Greece and Rome.

f 6 Now, Lord, before thy servants go;
Let God himself the trumpet blow;
Hasten the gospel jubilee,
That bids a captive world be free.

1139. 421 (3d Part.) 10's. Warsaw.
The House must be of Fame and Glory throughout all countries. 1 Chron. xxii. 5.

1 THE house now to be builded to the Lord,
Whose firm foundation-stone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which king Solomon so glorious made.

2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend,
Its blessings, not to Abra'm's seed confined,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

3 See, in the torrid regions of the south,
The humble worshipper approach with joy;
And shivering natives of the frozen pole
In the same heavenly strains their lips employ.

4 With all simplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for God, and love to souls inspired,
See the successful missionaries teach;
Their ardour still by gathering converts fired.

l 5 Hark! they proclaim salvation by the cross,
And thousands press t' accept the boundless grace;
Jesus his own almighty power displays,
His temple now is universal space.

1139. 421 (4th Part.) C. M. Victory.
Saints longing to see their King with his Crowns.

1 GO forth, ye saints, behold your King,
With godlike honours crown'd,
Ten thousand beauties in his word
Shall spread his fame around.

2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there.

3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories he hath won:

O may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run.

l 4 Ride forth, thou mighty Conqueror, ride
And millions more subdue,
Destroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

1140. 422 (1st Part.) L. M. 6 lines. Eaton

Gentiles praying for Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide,
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierced, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
'All Israel shall be saved at last.'

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove:
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

1140. 422 (2d Part.) 6's and 8's. Amherst.

Evangelical Philanthropy.

f 1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoner's chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The cause of righteousness,
And truth, and holy peace,
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease;

Gentile and Jew their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due with rapture vow.

3 The baffled prince of hell,
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel,
By cruelty and lies;
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

4 He died but soon arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save.
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

5 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend,
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

6 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever-blessed leaven
Diffused abroad must be;
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen: Amen!

PAUSE.

7 Ye who have known his name,
Subserve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of God and man:
How happy ye who own his sway!
Ye own'd shall be another day.

l 8 All hail, incarnate Lord,
Our souls triumphant cry,
Be thy bless'd name adored,
By all beneath the sky:
But when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

1140. 422 (3d Part.) L. M. Sterling.
*The Fields white for Harvest.**

f 1 LIFT up your joyful eyes, and see
A plenteous harvest all around,

* The hymns from the 427th to the 441st also relate to the spread of the Gospel, and the happiness of the Church.

Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Secured by an almighty power;
Nor heat nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

3 O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And, like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

1140.

422 (4th Part.) L. M. Old Hundred.
He must reign.

1 YES, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become like dust beneath thy feet.

2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power,
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 And when, through brilliant gates of gold,
Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.

4 Then, ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

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*ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.**

1141.

423 C. M. Doddridge. York
Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around
He well discerns his own.

2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

* See also hymns 403—406. 412—422.

3 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear:
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5 'Yes, (saith the Lord,) the world shall know
These humble souls are mine;
These when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.

6 'When deluges of fiery wrath
My foes away shall bear,
That hand which strikes the wicked through
Shall all my children spare.'

1142. 424 L. M. B. Francis. Blendon.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring,
Their tribute of united praise,
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

f 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

l 4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,
With us, an equal song of praise:
They are the noblest work of God,
But we the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

s 6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, and crown above:
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

1143. 425 C. M. Doddridge. Woodland.
Lovest thou me? feed my lambs.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

f 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 [Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

f 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?]

p 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

1144. 426 L. M. Beddome. Monmouth.
Prayer for Ministers.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

1145. 427 (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4. **Greenville.**
Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant shall droop and die:
Lord, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, &c.

p 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee:
Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud:
Lord, &c.

f 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again,
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers,
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

1145. 427 (2d Part.) L. M. Leyden.

For a Church in a low Condition.

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne,
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou hast raised,
How kind thy hand, that hand be praised:
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forsake our tottering walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,—
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.

p 4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead:

5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes,
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
O pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

7 O show that in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

1145. 427 (3d Part.) 11's. Bower.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

1 O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terror dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 'Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 'I feel at my heart, all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 'Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power:
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

7 'The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.'

1146. 428 8. 7. 4. Tamworth.

Longing for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
l Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption
Freely purchased win the day.

4 [May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.]

f 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
s May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

1147. 429 L. M. Beddome. Duke-street.

The Increase of the Church.

l 1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;

And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour, and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 [Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power:
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring:
And, unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.]

5 O may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his glowing glories show.

l 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, and all above,
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

1148. 430 6's and 8's. Carter-lane.
The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

l ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold,
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes its brightest days;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

f 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign:

Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

1149. 431 6's and 8's. Bethesda.
The completing of the spiritual Temple.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise;
Ye saints around, through all its frame,
Harmonious sound the Builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies;
There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

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*COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.**

1150. 432 8. 7. B. Francis. Irwin Chapel.
Collection for Ministers, or Missionaries.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations.
Praise him all ye hosts above·
l Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love;
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word;

* See also hymn 246.

f While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

1151. 433 C. M. Doddridge. New York.
Relieving Christ in his Members.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum,
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee.

1152. 434 L. M. Antigua.
Of thine own have we given thee.

1 THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give his poor,
A mite from all my generous store?
No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

1153. 435 L. M. Gibbons. Islington.
The Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way;
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

1154. 436 C. M. Irish.
Providing bags that wax not old.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

1155. 437 S. M. Stennett. Silver-street
Praise for Conversion. Ps. lxvi. 16.

1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

p 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he raised;
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

1156. 438 C. M. Bray.
The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for Praise.

1 THERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 'Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,'
Is a reviving sound:
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!

3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day;
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

l 4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

1157. 439 C. M. Newton. Cambridge.
Apostasy—Will ye also go away?

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt thou forsake me too?'

p 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

p 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, no!

1158. 440 L. M. Steele. Dunstan

To whom shall we go but unto thee?

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

p 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

f 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives,
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
s Depart from thee!—'Tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye
For life, eternal life is thine.

1159. 441 L. M. Gibbons. **Bath.**
Prayer for the whole Church.

1 IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old!
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

f 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace;
Give to the mourners heavenly day;
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

BAPTISM.

1160. 442 L. M. 6 lines. **Eaton.**
Christ baptized in Jordan.

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies,
In deeps, conceal'd from human view:
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
Amazed, they see the power divine
Aound the Saviour's temples shine.

s 4 But, hark! my soul, hark, and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
l Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
p But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
'This is my well-beloved Son,
I see well-pleased what he hath done.'

5 Thus th' eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod:
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

1161.

443 L. M. J. Stennett. Luton.
A baptismal Hymn.

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2 'Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness,' he meekly said:
'Why should we then to do his will
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?'

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
l Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

1162.

444 8. 8. 6. Broadmead.
Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

1 THUS it became the Prince of grace,
And thus should all the favour'd race
High heaven's command fulfil;
For that the condescending God
Should lead his followers through the flood
Was heaven's eternal will.

2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favour'd choice,

And thus with zeal pursue;
No, heaven's eternal, sovereign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending Heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

f 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing,
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

1163.

445 8. 7. Fawcett. German's.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide:
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice;
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;'
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

1164. 446 C. M. York.
The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ.

p 1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised,
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

f 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

1165. 447 C. M. Ryland. St. Sebastian's.
Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv. 56.*

1 [WHEN Abraham's servant, to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish—
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days they urged the man,
His journey to delay;
'Hinder me not,' he quick replied,
'Since God hath crown'd my way.'

3 'Twas thus I cried, when Christ the Lord,
My soul to him did wed;
'Hinder me not,' nor friends nor foes,
'Since God my way hath sped.'

4 'Stay,' says the world, 'and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet;'
'Hinder me not,' my soul replies,
'Because the way is great.'

5 'Stay,' Satan, my old master, cries,
'Or force shall thee detain;'
'Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain.']

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:

* This hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

8 Through duty and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

1166.

448 C. M. J. Stennett. Mear

Immersion.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living Head.

1167.

449 8. 7. Sicilian.

Buried with Christ in Baptism.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be!
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

1168.

450 L. M. J. Stennett. Addison.
A baptismal Hymn.

1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave,
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin:
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

l 4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men,
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

1169.

451 L. M. Gregg. Devotion.
Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

1170. 452 L. M. Chard.
They were baptized both Men and Women.

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace hath done;
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The world, the Spirit, and the Bride
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

1171. 453 C. M. Beddome. Christmas.
Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water-side.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
Relieved our every smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake, our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy,
Vain world begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

1172. 454 L. M. Wells.

The Administrator.

1 'GO, teach the nations, and baptize,'
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;
His glad Apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord

2 Commission'd thus by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

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*SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM.**

1173—1185. 455—467 L. M.

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

Beddome.

Hosannas to the church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immersed in Jordan's flood,
And then immersed in sweat and blood!

J. Stennett.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!

* As it is common to sing by the water-side, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two while they are administering the ordnance it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.

How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

Beddome.

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do!

Beddome.

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
'Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.'

Jesus, my Saviour, and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay
'Arise, my love, and come away.'

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no: dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. Stennett.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

G——.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessing crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

1186. 468 6's and 8's. Bethesda.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace,
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

f 4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
'Till time shall end,' thy promise runs.

1187. 469 C. M. Zion.

After Baptism. Mark xvi. 16.

1 'PROCLAIM,' saith Christ, 'my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men:
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.'

2 Let plenteous grace descend on *those*,*
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day *have* publicly declared
That Jesus is *their* Lord.

* The words of this hymn which are in Italics may easily be put into the singular number.

f 3 With cheerful feet may *they* advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

1188. 470 C. M. Doddridge. St. George.
A practical Improvement of Baptism.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die:
With Christ your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned, divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

f 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

1189. 471 C. M. Beddome. Peterboro.
He went on his way rejoicing.

1 THE holy Eunuch, when baptized,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

2 'Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
Of whom I lately read?
Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
Was number'd with the dead?

3 'Is he, who, bursting from the grave,
Now reigns above the sky,
My advocate before the throne,
My portion when I die?

4 'Have I profess'd his holy name?
Do I his gospel bear,
To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
And shall I spread it there?

5 'Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,
And left my fears behind;
What an unworthy wretch am I!
And God profusely kind.

6 'Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
Which satisfied for sin;
And of that renovating grace,
Which makes the conscience clean.'

7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work, the same, O make
Our consolation too.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1190. 472 L. M. Watts. Luton
A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.

1 WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes.

2 The Lord! the Saviour! Yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear, glorious man, that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast,
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord,
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

1191. 473 C. M. Steele. **Devizes.**
An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

6 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

1192. 474 L. M. Watts. **Park-street.**
Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

p 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
f But lo! what sudden joy we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

f The rising God forsakes the tomb
Up to his Father's courts he flies:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say 'Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

1193.

475 C. M. J. Stennett. London.
Heb. ii. 10.

1 JESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news, what heavenly sense,
In that dear name is found!

p 2 Our souls all guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay;
Our souls, with numerous sins, depraved
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save;
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.

5 Jesus! who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.

f 6 O Captain of salvation! make,
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

1194.

476 L. M. J. Stennett. Quercy
Rev. i. 7.

1 THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our dearest Lord was slain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
f And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

s 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train;
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

1195. 477 L. M. Beddome. Castle-street.
Holy Admiration and Joy.

1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

s 2 With cold affections, who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet.

s 3 Look, saints, into his opening side—
The breach, how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
To heal thy wounds and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

f 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasures spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

1196. 478 L. M. Dresden.
Meditating on the Cross of Christ.

1 COME, see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless sufferer, cover'd o'er
With shame, and weltering in his gore.

2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

3 'Tis He, 'tis He!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' imperishable skies.

4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt released,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

5 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

6 That tree, that curse-impoison'd tree,
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

7 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compared to this!

1197. 479 L. M. Turner. Portugal.
Set him above all Principalities and Powers.

1 NOW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power,
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That raged to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

c 4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls!
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

5 Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time began,
He shines, the Son of God confess'd,
Yet owns himself the Son of man.

6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;

Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

l 7 All hail! thou great Immanuel hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name.
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

f 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise;
The full salvation promised bring,
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

1198.

480 L. M. Watts. Rothwell.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

1 NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

p 2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath our sins he groan'd and died;
See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his almighty Father's side

3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains.

4 Or, if we climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthroned,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
How much they love their dying God?
Lord, here we'd banish every foe,
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a seal on every heart.

1199.

481 L. M. Stennett. Effingham.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

1 NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause;
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

2 In every feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays:
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.

3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends,
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire,
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night;
And angels from the scene retire.

s 5 But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.

6 The indignation of a God
On him avenging justice hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly saved a falling world.

f 7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

1200. 482 C. M. J. Stennett. York.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

v 2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.'

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above!

f 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

f 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

1201.

483 C. M. Stennett. Mear.

My flesh is meat indeed.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down, and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the shameful cross,
For us his welcome guests procured
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body torn with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread:
And, with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each opening vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with generous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

1202. 484 L. M. Beddome. *Jesus wept—he died.* **Leyden.**

1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you:
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

2 Enthroned above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow!
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame:
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

1203. 485 C. M. Steele. *The Wonders of Redemption.* **Winter.**

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

p 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me?

f 6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

1204. 486 C. M. Doddridge. *Room at the Gospel Feast.* **St. Sebastiana.**

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads
And dainties crown the board;

Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come!
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

f 6 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

1205. 487 L. M. Steele. Wareham
Communion with Christ at his Table.

f 1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name by heaven and earth adored!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

p 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
f O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,—
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

p 5 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
f And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

1206.

488 C. M. Steele. Arundel

Praises to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song,
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

1207.

489 6's and 8's. Stennett. Carmarthen

A Song of Praise to Christ.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe

2 Such was the zeal for God
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

e 4 From the dark grave he rose.
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

f 5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

1208. 490 L. M. Davies. Effingham.
Self-dedication at the Lord's Table.

1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchased and saved by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be;
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee;
Be thine through all eternity.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

1209. 491 C. M. Arlington.
A morning Hymn.

1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsafed before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore?

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart!
And without guilt be gay!

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

1210.

492 C. M. D. Turner. Peterboro.

A morning Hymn.

1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of light
And stores of darkness lie:
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

3 Numbers, this night, great God have met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand upraised,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

1211.

493 8. 8. 6. Chatham

Morning.

1 LORD, I am vile!—what shall I say,
I live to see another day,
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!

2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepared,
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
Lord, help me to believe.

1212.

494 S. M. Dover.

A morning Hymn.

1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing,
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

p 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

p 5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

1213.

495 L. M. Brentford.

An evening Hymn.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

p 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
Plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

f 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

1214.

496 L. M. Bp. Ken. Rothwell
An evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

1215.

497 C. M. London
An evening Hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up,
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
f Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

1216. 498 C. M. Needham. Winter
On the Spring.

1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolved and gone;
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on.

s 2 Where awful desolation reign'd,
Bless'd plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile, to see
Her late destroyer fled.

3 Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.

4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.

5 My soul in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power;
Behold the God in every plant,
In every opening flower.

f 6 Yet in his word, the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.

7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine.

1217. 499 S. M. Sutton.
The Return of the Spring celebrated.

1 FROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty graced.

p 2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And to refresh the ground the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 Great God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise;
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

4 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn
For men, enrich the land.

5 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace and joy
Through endless ages run.

1218. 500 C. M. Dundee.
The Spring improved.

1 BEHOLD! long wish'd-for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers
Beauteous around us spring;
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
Invite our hearts to sing.

p 3 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

p 4 O! would my Saviour, from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine,
l No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy words my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive
And blossom like the rose.

1219. 501 C. M. Gibbons. Stephens.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

1 THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flowers,
To adorn her reign, appear.

2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promised joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

s 4 At the dread order of his God,
Now darts destructive fires:
Hills, plains, and vales are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

p 6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send!

1220. 502 C. M. Wantage

On a Year of threatening Rain.

1 HOW hast thou, Lord, from year to year
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And generous fruit, and golden grain,
Have spread their riches round.

p 2 But we thy mercies have abused
To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times!

s 3 Equal, though awful is the doom,
That fierce descending rain

Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain!

4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,
When we had hoped to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie a hideous heap?

5 But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
Those floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel those glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day!

6 To thee alone we look for help;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

1221.

503 L. M. Watts. Monmouth
The God of Thunder.

s 1 O THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

s 2 He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow:
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

4 Let noise and flame confound the skies
And drown the spacious realms below;
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise.
l And send our loud hosannas through.

f 5 Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
l We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play:
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

1222.

504 C. M. Woodland
Summer—a harvest Hymn.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;

He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleased, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

1223. 505 C. M. Cambridge.

Harvest; or the accepted Time.

1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts:
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

s 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
To-morrow, Folly cries:
And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
To-day the sinner dies.

p 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promised grace,
And God will give the power.

1224. 506 C. M. Steele. Winter.

Winter.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

p 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And, drooping, lifeless, nature seems
An emblem of my heart—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

f 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

1225.

507 L. M. Newton. Truro
Winter.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground;
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again.

f 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

p 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

p 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

1226. 508 L. M. Leyden.
The Seasons crowned with Goodness.

f 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

f 3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

s 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days.
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1227. 509 8. 7. Robinson. Sicilian.
Grateful Recollection. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
l Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

1228. 510 L. M. Old Hundred.
Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

p 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast

1229. 511 L. M. Castle-street.
The barren Fig-tree. Luke xii. 6—9.

f 1 GOD of my life, to thee belong,
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great Deliverer's nigh.

p 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

l 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

1230. 512 7's. Fawcett. Alcester

A Birth-day Hymn. Acts xxvi. 22.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

1231. 513 C. M. *A Wedding Hymn.* Dundee.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptual bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebekah give
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

7 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

1232. 514 L. M. Newton. *A Welcome to Christian Friends.* Luton

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

1233. 515 7's. **Fairfax.**
At Parting.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

p 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

f 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

1234. 516 L. M. **Shirley.**
The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows:
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

1235. 517 L. M. Stennett. Heber.
Early Piety. Matt. xii. 20.

p 1 HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks,
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end:
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

1236. 518 C. M. Doddridge. Knaresboro
Encouragement the Young have to seek Christ

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 'The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain.'

4 What object, Lord, my soul shall move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

l 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

1237. 519 C. M. Doddridge. Tolland.
Seek first the Kingdom of God.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away each grovelling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

1238. 520
See 1314.

1239. 521 S. M. Fawcett. Dover.
How shall a young Man cleanse his way.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ,
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart.
And sanctify my mind.

7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

1240. 522 8. 8. 6. or L. C. M. Chatham

The Importance of educating Youth.

Congregation.

f 1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthroned above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face,
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

f 4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove,
The joys of thine exhaustless love;

And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live.

1241.

523 C. M. J. Straphan. New Haven.
The same.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth;
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

f 5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

1242.

524 C. M. Funeral Hymn.
Old Age approaching.

s 1 ETERNAL God, enthroned on high,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh:
Thy presence I implore.

p 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Can I exemption plead when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can medicines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

s 5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God,
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay,—

7 Through heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

1243.

525 C. M. Stade.
For a public Fast.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

s 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and is Columbia spared,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'

4 What land so favour'd of the skies,
As these apostate States!

Our numerous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits.

s 5 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

p 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

1244.

526 C. M. York.

A Hymn for Fast-day.

1 WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Columbia, guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast;
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost!

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land
Forsake us not, O God.

1245. 527 . L. M. Steele. Westmorland
On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just, a holy God?

s 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone our land can shield.

5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble prayer!
Again be mercy thy delight!

6 Our arms succeed, our counsels guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.

7 Great God, the promised period bring,
Let standards be no more unfurl'd;
Come, peace, and bless with balmy wing
The eastern and the western world.

f 8 When shall the gospel's healing ray
(Kind Source of amity divine)
Spread o'er the world celestial day!
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine!

1246. 528 L. M. Davies. Dresden
National Judgments deprecated.

p 1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
O! whither shall the helpless fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry!

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there;
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands, in helpless wo;
Let them prevail to save us too.

1247. 529 C. M. Braintree.

Thanksgiving for Victory over Enemies.

1 TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.

2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.

3 Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd;
'Tis thou hast raised our honours high
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers,
Into our hands are given;
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of heaven.

5 What though no columns lifted high,
Stand deep inscribed with praise;
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful tongues shall raise.

6 To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown;
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.

7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their father's God shall be their trust,
Their refuge and their home.

1248.

530 L. M. Beddome. Costelow.

Peace prayed for.

1 ON us oppress'd beneath thy stroke,
Now overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to look;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secured,
And commerce lift its fainting head:

l 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound:
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land:
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

1249.

531 L. M. Groton

Praise for national Peace.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

l 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds in dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power:
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)

Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

f 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

1250. 532 L. M. Duke-street

Thanksgiving for national Deliverance.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

l 2 Salvation doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King!

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear
'Till life's last hour to persevere.

1251. 533 10's and 11's. Doddridge. Portland.

Thanks to God for ever-enduring Goodness.

l 1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim;
Let every tongue be vocal with his name:
The Lord is good; his mercy never ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known,

Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.

3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay themselves at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth every blessing.

4 Sion enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
Bless'd with the rays of thine Immanuel's face—
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
Graven on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
In sacred strains exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

5 His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties through new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God;
The deathless soul through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

6 Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;
Angels and men in harmony combine,
While human years are measured by the sun
And while eternity its course shall run;
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

1252.

534 L. P. M. Hobart.

A general Thanksgiving.

1 SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found
As dwells in this much-favour'd land?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads:
By God supported still we stand.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from every foreign shore;

Science and art their charms display;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 These are thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our matchless blessings spring;
Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies,
The raptures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

f 4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
And still, through every age shall own,
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

5 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
Mayst thou o'er fair Columbia reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

1253. 535 L. M. Blendon.

Deliverances. Num. xxiii.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

f 3 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme:
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through—
And safe arrive at glory too?

f 4 The news shall every heart employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng,
l To swell the triumph and the song!

1254. 536 L. M. Old Hundred.
Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates

1 GREAT Lord of all, thy matchless power
Archangels in the heavens adore;
With them our Sovereign thee we own,
And bow the knee before thy throne.

2 Let dove-eyed peace, with colour'd wing,
On us her grateful blessings fling;
Freedom spread beauteous as the morn,
And plenty fill her ample horn.

3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down,
His days with heavenly wisdom crown;
Resolve his heart, where'er he goes,
To launch the stream that duty shows.

4 Over our Capitol diffuse,
From hills divine, thy welcome dews;
While Congress, in one patriot band,
Prove the firm fortress of our land.

5 Our Magistrates with grace sustain,
Nor let them bear the sword in vain;
Long as they fill their awful seat,
Be vice seen dying at their feet.

f 6 For ever from the western sky,
Bid the 'destroying angel' fly!
With grateful songs our hearts inspire,
And round us place a wall of fire.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

1255. 537 C. M. Steele. Irish.
Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

p 1 THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains:
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light,
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

f 4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

5 O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

p 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee!
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.

f 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

1256. 538 C. M. Watts. Walsal.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

1 LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan;
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break,
Beneath thine heavy rod.

p 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confined!
Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

f 6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

1257. 539 C. M. Leach. **Banger.**
For a Time of general Sickness.

s 1 DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power:
While the grave waits its destined prey,
Impatient to devour.

f 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcasses
O'erload the cumber'd ground:

6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were given him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

p 7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
Yet heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors through.

f 8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

1258. 540 (1st Part.) S. M. **Aylesbury**
Submission under Affliction.

1 DOST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.

2 Dost thou through death's dark vale,
Conduct to heaven at last ?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

3 Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent ;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

1258. 540 (2d Part.) 8's. S. Pierce. **Portugal.**
For a sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by sickness of attending public worship.

1 THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace ;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.

2 To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God ;
Enraptured we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

3 The Father of mercies we praised,
And prostrated low at his throne ;
The Saviour *we* loved and adored,
Who loved *us* and made us his own.

4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

5 Faith clave to the crucified Lamb,
Hope, smiling, exalted its head,
Love, warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around!
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.

7 Sweet moments ! If aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of their flock,
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.

8 But ah ! these sweet moments are fled ;
Pale sickness compels me to stay
Where no voice of the turtle is heard
As the moments are hasting away.

PAUSE.

9 My God! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise;
O help me submissive to wait
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.—

10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

11 Or shouldst thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!—

12 Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent, incessantly shines,
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

13 There—there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;
There—there the day never is closed,
With shadows, or darkness, or night:

14 There myriads and myriads shall meet
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

15 Enough, then—my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since ere long I to heaven shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

1259.

541 (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4. S. Pierce. Greenf
Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given:
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing, as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

3 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play,
'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.

4 So in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction.
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those that know not Christ—ye frighten;
But *my soul* defies your power:
Hallelujah, &c.

6 In the sacred page recorded
Thus the word securely stands;
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck you from my hands:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

7 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, &c.

8 Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

1259.

541 (2d Part.) L. M. **Rothwell.**

Sickness and Recovery.

1 A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life:
My life!—my soul, recall the word,
'Tis life to see thy gracious Lord.

2 Why inconvenient *now* to die,
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?

3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious Sun appear.

4 O bless him; bless, ye dying saints!
The God of grace, when nature faints!
He show'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To show me he had power to save.

1260. 542 (1st Part.) C. M. Doddridge. London
Praise for Recovery from Sickness.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand,
In every chastening stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear:
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

1260. 542 (2d Part.) S. M. Watchman
The Benefit of sanctified Affliction.

1 HOW gracious, and how wise,
Is our chastising God;
And, O! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus they bow
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts,
To honour his commands.

5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine:
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

1261. 543 L. M. Steele. Windham

The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man,
How vain are all his hopes and fears?

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

1262. 544 L. M. Doddridge. Arnheim.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

1 GOD of Eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of Wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

1263. 545 7s. Ryland. German Hymn.

The Saint happy in being at the disposal of God.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief:

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to thee surrender'd stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all times, will I bless,
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

1264.

546 C. M. Steele. New York.
Time and Eternity.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight,
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

f 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

f 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal, in the skies.

1265. 547 S. M. Stennett. **Shirland.**

Divine Mercies in constant succession.

1 HOW various and how new,
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that bless'd day
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

f 6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

f 7 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh
Be drown'd in endless light.

f 8 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

f 9 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.

10 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord.
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

1266. 548 L. M. Blendon.
Eternity joyful and tremendous.

s 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

s 2 Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But, O! if Christ and heaven be mine
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

p 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God! remove;
Speak me an object of thy love.

5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart:
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

1267. 549 8. 8. 6. Chatham
A Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of Eternity

s 1 THOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee,—against myself,—to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry:
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell.

3 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,

When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,—
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6 Then, Saviour; then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

DEATH.

1268. 550 (1st Part.) C. M. Watts. Canterbury.
Death and Eternity.

1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign—death.

2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here,
His trophies spread around;
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

8 4 But where the souls—those deathless things
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5 O, that unfathomable sea!—
Those deeps without a shore,
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!

6 There shall we swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcass breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

f 7 'Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand!
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear our souls away!'

1268. 550 (2d Part.) 7. 6. Grange.
Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

1 AH! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—

2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

3 He once a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead

4 Hence all my hope arises
Unworthy as I am:
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

5 To him, by grace united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith delighted,
Behold him on his throne.

6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest:
The grace from him proceeding,
Shall waft me to his breast.

Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story,
In high seraphic lays.

8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

1268. 550 (3d Part.) C. M. Wantage.
The safe and happy Exit.

1 LORD, must I die? O, let me die
Trusting in thee alone!
My *living* testimony given,
Then leave my *dying* one!

2 If I must die,—O let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasure all refined.

3 If I must die—as die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home!

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view!
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

1269. 551 (1st Part.) 6's and 8's. Clapham.
The midnight cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin souls, arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord—

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye,—that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love:
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive
Above those angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

1269. 551 (2d Part.) L. M. Effingham.
Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

1 O GOD of love! with cheering ray
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love through each revolving year
Has wiped away affliction's tear.

2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joy, support my head
Before I sink among the dead.

3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death through Jesus, be my friend!
May death be life, when life shall end!

4 Crown my *last* moments with thy power—
The *latest* in my latest hour;
Then to the raptured heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

1270. 552 C. M. Georgia.
Victory over Death through Christ.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord—my Saviour—lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

He left his dazzling throne above;
He met the tyrant's dart;
And (O, amazing power of love!)
Received it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer! boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost:—
Thy night, the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee!
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust;

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

f 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb;

8 O let me join the raptured lays!
And with the blissful throng
l Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

1271. 553 C. M. Watts. Carolina.
The welcome Messenger.

1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleased in death;

2 How we could e'en content to lay
Our limbs upon that bed;
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place;
For, when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus! then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 O! if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away, these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;

The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

f 7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amid those heavenly charms.

f 8 Joyful, I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

1272. 554 L. M. Doddridge. Limehouse.

Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace;

f 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

s 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

1273. 555 C. M. Watts. Woodland.

The Presence of God worth dying for.

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint, enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

e 4 Thy love—a sea without a shore,—
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O, 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
'Climb up the mount,' says God, 'and die,'
The prophet climb'd—and died.

p 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

f 7 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord! and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

1274. 556 C. M. Stennett. Baldwin.
Children dying in the arms of Jesus.

f 1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thy image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
'And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;

I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

f 6 His words, the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

1275. 557 C. M. Steele. Stillman

At the Funeral of a young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,

p Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—'I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

s 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

f 5 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

s 6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

1276. 558 C. M. Doddridge. Bangor.

Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their Children. Isa. lvi. 4.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand!
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
'In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 'Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight,
My children all shall live.'

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee

1277. 559 L. M. Fawcett. Dunstan.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest:
e Death strikes the blow; he groans and cries
And in despair and horror dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss:—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear!
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

f 6 Lord! make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

1278. 560 10's and 11's. **Hanover.**

On the Death of a Believer.

1 ['TIS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled,
Our brother is gone, the Christian is dead:
The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due!—
Supported by grace, he fought his way through:
Triumphantly glorious, through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death and hell.]

l 3 *Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord, with shoutings proclaim;
Who trust in his passion, and follow their Head,
To certain salvation shall surely be led.

4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there,
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

5 Within us display thy love, when we die,
And bear us away to mansions on high:
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

1279. 561 S. M. **Ryland.**

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God!
To stand before thy face!
Thy Spirit must the work perform
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

* If the last three verses of this hymn be sung alone, then begin verse the third, thus—

'Now let us record the conquering name.'

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

1280. 562 C. M. Doddridge. Devizes.
Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39.

1 'WHY flow those torrents of distress!'
(The gentle Saviour cries;)
Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?

2 'Death's feeble arm shall never boast
A friend of Christ is slain,
Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
A lasting power retain.

l 3 'I come, on wings of love,—I come
The slumberers to awake;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.

f 4 'Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,
They rise to sleep no more;
But robed with light, and crown'd with joy
To endless day they soar.'

5 Jesus! our faith receives thy word;
And though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-loved presence cheer
These separating days.

1281. 563 C. M. Doddridge. Swanwick
Submission under bereaving Providences.

1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

s 2 'Tis he—the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

s 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

p 6 Silent we own Jehovah's name
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

1282. 564 L. M. Castle-street.
Hope in God under the Loss of Friends.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around.—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

p 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide;
Thou art each tender name in one,
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our Friend,
And on thy covenant love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

1283. 565 C. M. Doddridge. Windsor.
Death and Judgment appointed for all.

1 HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell.

3 Once you must die; and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven or hell attend
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O, may I in the Judge behold,
My Saviour and my Friend!
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

1284. 566 C. M. Doddridge. York

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

f 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our hearts.

5 'Lo! I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls on me confide.'

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

1285. 567 8. 7. 4. Tamworth.

Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;

p I am weak, but thou art mighty,
l Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all the journey through:
l Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
l Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

1286. 568 C. M. Canterbury.
The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised.

1 WHY should our mourning thoughts de-
To grovel in the dust? [light
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord, our Saviour, die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with loud complaints?

l 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

l 6 Awake, ye saints that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

1287. 569 C. M. Watts Martyrs.
A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust?

f 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads,
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

l 4 I hear the voice, 'Ye dead, arise!'
And, lo! the graves obey:
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King
And low adore him there.

p 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

l 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

1288. 570 (1st Part.) L. M. Davies. Dresden
Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.

s 1 HOW great, how terrible, that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

2 Where now, O where, shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There, on the flaming billows tost,
s For ever—O, for ever lost!

4 But, saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless creature's Friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

1288. 570 (21 Part.) L. M. Monmouth
The second Appearance of Christ.

1 MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll,
Through heaven's wide arch from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
l Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear
With reverence round his awful bar;
For as his lips pronounce, ye go
s To *endless bliss*, or, *endless wo!*

5 Lord, to my eyes this scene display,
Frequent, through each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

1289. 571 L. M. Old Hundred
The Books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

l 1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command;

Both small and great now quit their dust
And round the dread tribunal stand.

s 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

1290. 572 S. M. Doddridge. Silver-street

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

s 3 'Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came.'

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth, and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead!
f Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear;
f Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

1291. 573 C. M. Doddridge. Victory
The final Happiness of the Righteous.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven:

3 'Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the great reward;
And rise, with raptures, to possess
The kingdom love prepared.

4 Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
His sovereign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine
To which you now are brought.

5 'There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my power;
While sin and death, and pains and cares,
Shall vex your soul no more.'

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour! come,
This jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

1292. 574 L. M. Watts. Duke-street.
Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt! a heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years!

3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow!
Blest Saviour! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!

4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom!
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys!
Thou, the Desire of nations, come!

l 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

1293.

575 8. 7. 4. Littleton
Lo, he cometh.

1 LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head!
e Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now his merit, by the harpers
Through th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierced him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

4 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy!
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ!'
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, to the skies!

f 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing:
l Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

1294.

576 8. 7. 4. Tamworth
Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending,
l Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign?

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne:
Saviour! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

295.

577 8. 7. 4. Newton. *The Day of Judgment.* Helmsley

1 DAY of judgment,—day of wonders!
Hark the trumpet's awful sound;
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long'd for his appearing,
Then shall say, 'This God is mine"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

e 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
'Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part!'

5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever,
Shall my love and glory know.'

f 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

1296.

573 C. M. Stennett. Loudon

The last Judgment.

1 'HE comes! he comes! to judge the world,'
Aloud th' archangel cries!
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes:
The slumbering tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell;

Lo! in his hand the Conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell.

s 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And, at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet,
In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.

8 'Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!'
The injured Jesus cries;
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat,
The sentence of his grace:

10 'Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love!
Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
Prepared for you above.'

1297. 579 8. 8. 6. Chatham.

Longing to be at the right hand of God.

1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge, shall come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
p Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face:
Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

1298. 580 C. M. Ryland. St. Martin's

Hell the Sinner's own Place.

1 LORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
To 'his own place' consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!

2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But saved by matchless grace;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell,
Had surely been my place.

3 Thither I was by law adjudged,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.

4 But, lo! (what wondrous, matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.

5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.

6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

1299. 581 L. M. Chant

Mad Sinners reasoned with.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown!
Why in such dreadful haste to die!
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains:
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

1300.

582 L. M. Doddridge. Islington
The rich Man and Lazarus.

1 IN what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bathed in tears!
While they, who heaven itself deride
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine:
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abra'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare;
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

1301.

583 C. M. Steele. New Haven.
The Joys of Heaven.

f 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright,)
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

l 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

1302.

584 C. M. Stennett. Woodland
The promised Land.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

f 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

l 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul,
Can here no longer stay.
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

1303. 585 10's and 11's. J. Straphan. Portsmouth.

Heaven.

f 1 ON wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
l O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad heartrending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain:
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!
Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
l O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

1304. 556 C. M. Doddridge. Christmas.
Happiness approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

f 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

1305. 587 L. M. Steele. Surry
The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24.

1 O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

p 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all

3 Immortal glories crown his head
l While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
f O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

306. 588 C. M. New York

The everlasting Song.

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

s 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo, in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son!

p 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's Equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the man!
(The God resides within:)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

p 8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide:
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that loved and died.

f 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

f 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
l O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 Where ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of this hymn should be sung softer than the rest.

1307. 14 C. M.

The Grace of God.

1 JEHOVAH, Lord of power and might,
How glorious is thy name!
The blaze of day, the pomp of night
Thy majesty proclaim.

2 Lord, what is man—weak, sinful man—
That he thy care shoul! prove;
That thou for him shouldst deign to plan
Such mighty acts of love?

3 Made in thine image at his birth—
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-form'd earth,
Each privilege he lost.

4 Then did the pitying Saviour leave
The glories of the sky,—
Oh! love too wondrous to conceive—
For sinful man to die,—

5 To die, that we, by grace restor'd,
Might life and glory claim—
O great Creator, Saviour, Lord,
How excellent thy name!

1308. 60 H. M.

Proclamation of the Gospel.

1 HARK—hark—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,—
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show.—

Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To greet Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

1309. 61 8. 4. Ray's Collection.
Gospel Trumpet.

1 HARK, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through the wide earth the echo bounds
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood;
Sinners are reconciled to God,
And brought into the heavenly road
By grace divine.

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
While boundless love in every line
Invites you near.

3 Ye sain's in glory, strike the lyre,
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire,
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
And spread abroad his matchless fame,—
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

1310. 112 8. 8. 6. or L. C. M.
Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:

Unclogg'd by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

1311. 148 S's and 7's.

Christ, the Lamb, enthroned and worshipped.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above—
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life—thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring—oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps we'll sing—
'Glory, glory to our King.'

1312. 242 1st Part. L. M.

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.

2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
How deep, great God, thy judgments are:
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;—
Oh let thy saints thy favour gain!
To upright hearts thy truth display.

1312. 242 2d Part. C. M.

The same.

1 ABOVE these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

2 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathom'd sea.

3 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes;
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

1313. 282 C. M.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires
f Oh! for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from the Lord,
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
f I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms
For safety must be there.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
In thee I'm ever blest.

1314. 520 C. M. Steele.

Vanities of the World, Ps. iv. 6, 7.

1 BEGONE, ye gilded vanities,
I seek substantial good:
To real bliss my wishes rise—
The favour of my God.

2 Thy smiles immortal joys impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

3 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind:
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

Should boundless wealth increase my store,
  Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
  Without thy blissful smile.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
  My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
  And crown my journey's end.

6 Grant, O my Father and my God,
  This sweet, this one request;
Be thou my guide to thine abode,
  And mine eternal rest.

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